THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE UNFORGOTTEN DEAD.

BY EMMA SANBORN.

The dead are not forgotten; there are hearts
Where Memory keeps her vigil, lone and sad,
Whence all that made life beautiful has perished,
And hope itself has fled.

The shadows of the grave stretch darkly over,
And cloud the sunshine that was once so bright;
No morning beam of light can they discover:
'Tis dark and cheerless night.

I know a mother whose fair child of promise
Is numbered now among the "early dead;"
She mourns like Rachel, for her children weeping,
"Will not be comforted."

I had a friend, whose pure and gentle spirit
Found no communion in this world of ours;
The angels took her to their home in glory,
'Mid Heaven's immortal flowers.

One autumn day, when woods and fields were flushing
With crimson dyes, and leaves were floating down,
I stood beside her grave and wove a chaplet,
Her marble stone to crown.

Do I forget her? all her worth? her beauty?
Her smile, that seemed a glimpse of Heaven's own?
Ah, never! Life itself must fail me
Ere I that faith disown.

Then tell me not that loved ones are forgotten,
When they have vanished from our mortal view;
The heart's most cherished thoughts may be unspoken,
But *Memory* is true.

THE EBONY CASKET;

—OR—

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON ESTATE;" "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;" "BAFFLED;" "THE WHITE SPECTRE;" "THE WRONGED HEIRESS;" ETC., ETC., ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

HER EYES FELL LOW BEFORE THE PASSIONATE FERVOR OF THE GLANCE THAT SOUGHT HER OWN, AND HER HEAD DROOPED.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DAWN OF A GREAT PERIL.

It was Meg who entered. She glanced quickly round the room, approached the window and looked out, and then turned to glare steadfastly at the young girl.

"I thought I heard voices," she grumbled.

Suppressing all signs of terror, Bernice lifted her eyes, and said in a complaining voice:

"What then? Am I to be barred the privilege of saying my prayers?"

"Certainly not."

"Or of talking to myself when I am lonely?"

"No."

"Then go away, please, and do not distress me further with your presence."

The old woman gave a snort and a mocking laugh; but she went out again, carefully securing the door behind her.

Bernice's heart beat fast and furiously. "I must be more careful," she thought. "I shall be removed to another apartment if Meg discovers I have held any communication with her other prisoner."

When she had grown calmer, she brought out the dagger which had served such good purpose once already, and carefully tested its edge.

"It seems keen and sharp," she said. "Dear little weapon; are you to give me liberty, and restore me to my friends?"

Friends? Ah, what friend had she to go to, after all, unless it were Jasper Layton? And he was little better than a stranger.

No matter. Liberty was boon enough. It would be worth a struggle to get clear of Captain Marthe's hated clutches.

She set to work at once at the bars, carefully removing all litter, which she hid under the bed as fast as it accumulated.

She worked so diligently that, ere nightfall, two of the bars were in a condition to be removed at a moment's notice.

Once only, did she pause in her task, and then it was to take a small ebony casket, thin but quite broad, from the bosom of her dress. This she regarded with an awe verging upon veneration.

"This casket is a thing of mystery," she whispered, pausing her hand over it in a caressing gesture. "Is my destiny hidden between its black covers, I wonder? Does it hold the key to my future fortunes? No matter. I shall guard it as a sacred trust, whatever may be its contents."

She fell into a sort of day-dream over it, in which she seemed to see Meg and Captain Marthe with their heads together, conniving to murder her to gain possession of the casket.

Finally she roused herself, and resumed her self-appointed task.

It was nearly dark when Meg again made her appearance. This time she brought up some supper to the captive—bread and cake and a steaming pot of tea.

Bernice was tired, and her head ached sadly. The aroma of the tea filled her nostrils. Oh, what a relief it would be to test its revivifying powers!

But dared she? Heretofore, she had refused to take tea or coffee from a vague suspicion of drugs. Could she venture to drink it freely to-night, when she stood in such need of the stimulant?

The old woman must have seen her wishful look. At any rate she quickly drew up two chairs to the stand.

"My son is away to-night," she said, keeping her face averted. "I have come up to sup with you, for once."

Bernice now observed that there were really two cups on the tray, and as many plates. She sat down, almost disarmed of suspicion.

"You may pour me a cup of tea, if you please."

The woman hastily filled both cups, and gave one to Bernice, placing the sugar-bowl within her reach. Then she emptied her own cup almost at a draught.

This last action was sufficient to dispel any lingering doubt Bernice might have felt. She stirred some sugar into her tea, at the same time unwittingly, mingling with it a fine white powder that had remained unnoticed in the bottom of the cup.

"I can venture to drink it," she thought. "Meg would have shunned the beverage if it had been tampered with."

She slowly sopped the contents of her cup. The old woman sat with her eyes cast down until she discovered, with a quick, side-long glance that Bernice had drained her cup to the dregs.

Then she rose up with an odd, sneering look upon her face. "I must go," she said, rubbing her wrinkled palms together.—"Good-night, deary, good-night. Pleasant dreams to you."

Something in her cheery tones, and the sly twinkle of her beady eyes, filled Bernice with sudden suspicion. She ran forward, and caught almost fiercely at her dress.

"What have you done?" she demanded.

"Nothing," said Meg, staring, and bursting into a shrill laugh. "You little fool, what do you mean?"

"That tea was drugged!"

"No," half-contemptuously. "It was not, I'll swear. The idea! Why should I do anything so ridiculous? It isn't necessary. You are sufficiently in my power without the use of drugs."

Then she bobbed a terrible courtesy, and went out with that wicked smile still upon her lips.

Bernice sat down by the window, where she could watch the shadows deepen and darken along the river. They fell slowly, like a pall, and shut in all the view until presently, a few stars peeped out of the purple depth of heaven.

At last she heard voices in a distant part of the house. She listened intently for a few minutes. The one voice, she knew, was Bill's.

"Did Meg lie to me," she thought; "or has her son returned unexpectedly?"

She soon became conscious of a growing drowsiness, a deathly lethargy that was stealing away her senses. She tried to shake it off. In vain, all in vain. Then the horrible truth broke upon her mind with sudden, bewildering force.

In spite of all her precautions, Meg had succeeded in drugging her, at last.

She grew deathly sick at the thought. Rising, she staggered across the floor, her face looking ghastly in the flickering light of the candle the old woman had left burning when she went out. O, pitiful heaven! she was utterly at the mercy of her foes!

The casket—the dagger! Meg would rob her of them both while she slept!

She ran up and down the room, wringing her hands and beating her breast furiously, in a desperate attempt to shake off the fatal lethargy that was slowly but surely benumbing her faculties. She was like a mad woman for some terrible moments. She would have screamed aloud, but that her cries would only have the effect to call her hated jailor sooner to her presence. She moaned, she prayed, she wept. But all to no purpose. The drug must work out its spell.

Suddenly she thought of the prisoner in the room above. As quickly as her reeling brain would permit, she wheeled up a stand directly underneath the aperture that had been made in the ceiling, and mounted upon it. She knocked several times upon the plaster.

After a brief delay, footsteps crossed the upper floor, she heard the board raised carefully, and a voice said:

"Do you want me?"

"Yes," said Bernice, thickly. "For God's sake, break through into my room without the loss of a moment."

"Has anything occurred to alarm you?"

"I have been drugged!"

The man repeated the word in an anxious voice. Then he was silent for a moment, as if thinking deeply. At last he said:

"I will do as you wish, whatever may be the consequences. What do you fear?"

"They mean—to rob—me."

She reeled, and half stumbled from her precarious perch. With both hands pressed hard against her throbbing temples, she looked up and added:

"The bars—at the window—are cut. For the love of heaven,—save me—from these wretches."

Her voice failed suddenly. She dropped like a dead woman on the floor beside the couch, with her head resting upon it.

The man seemed to comprehend what had happened. His hands flew fast and dexterously—he set himself to work in good earnest. The plaster was torn off in great strips, and he had soon enlarged the hole in the ceiling sufficiently to allow of his dropping himself through it into the room below.

He struck lightly upon his feet, making very little noise. He proved to be a firmly-built, wiry-looking man of about fifty years of age. His face was pale and bloodless like that of a dead person, his hair and beard very long and thickly sprinkled with gray. In his eyes was a hunted, restless expression, as if he had lived in constant dread of danger.

After one swift glance round the apartment, he snatched up the candle, and ran to the spot where Bernice was lying. She looked rigid and still as death as he leaned over her.

"My God!" he cried, and staggered back, after a long, fixed stare into her colorless face.

His own countenance was strangely contorted. He dropped weakly into a chair, great beads of perspiration coming out upon his forehead. He seemed to be choked, stunned by some sudden discovery.

"That face—that hair!" he muttered, huskily, after a long silence. "I cannot be mistaken. O, Father in heaven, didst thou send her here on purpose that we might meet?"

He dropped on his knees, sobbing and moaning, for some minutes, with all the abandon of a child.

When he rose up again his face was full of energy and a deathless determination. "I must save the poor girl," he muttered, hoarsely. "I will save her, or die in the attempt. Then, then, perchance, my sins will be atoned for and forgiven."

He walked swiftly to the window. The iron bars were still in their places, but with one quick wrench he had torn two of them away.

Pushing up the sash, he looked out. All was dark and still without. Below, sighed and moaned the river, splashing sullenly against the shore, and the stone foundation of the house. There was no other sound.

He drew back, swiftly calculating the chances. Could he take Bernice into his arms and leap into the gloomy flood beneath?

Suddenly, while he hesitated, shuffling steps came up the stairs and across the hall. It was too late! With the quickness of thought, he snatched up one of the iron rods he had torn away from the window. Armed with this singular weapon alone, he sprang behind the door.

A moment of awful suspense followed. The key clicked sharply in the lock. He nerved himself for the struggle that was now inevitable, his eyes flashing, his nerves of steel.

His one hope lay in speedy action, and he knew it. The instant the door was opened, the new-comers must see the debris of plaster and broken lath upon the floor, and would guess what had happened.

Slowly the hinges creaked; softly the door swung open. A head was thrust into the room—a brutish head covered with a shock of tawny hair—the head of the man called Bill.

The stranger's arm was lifted in air. It fell suddenly, and the iron cracked with a stunning force upon the intruder's skull.

A half-suppressed cry—a groan, and Bill fell like a log upon the floor.

Lifting his bludgeon a second time in the air, the stranger sprang forward to grapple with whoever should follow the first villain into the apartment.

CHAPTER VIII.

DORA'S TRIUMPH.

Events do not stand still at Millbrook.

During these three days which have elapsed since Bernice's disappearance, the search has been carefully kept up by Jasper Layton and Mr. Lasalle.

But, finding no clue when the neighboring country has been thoroughly scoured, they are almost led to believe the missing girl has been conveyed to a distance—perhaps hidden in some large city.

Dora Raymond watches the result of the quest most anxiously. But she breathes more freely as the days pass, and the men return each night, disappointed and tired.

"They will have their trouble for their pains," she mutters. "Bernice is not destined to cross their paths again for many a long day to come."

She feels a savage joy at the thought. Her hatred of the innocent girl is wonderful for its intensity. She hates her for her beauty, for her innocence, for her sweet, guileless nature; above all she hates her for standing in her way, and winning so firm a hold upon hearts she would fain have pay their homage to herself alone.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, Dora sits alone in the handsomely furnished drawing-room of Lasalle's house, when a servant brings up a card to her.

Taking it from the silver salver, she reads the name "Captain Louis Marthe." Underneath has been hastily written in pencil the words: "I must see you. Don't deny yourself to me."

Dora knits her pretty brow in a frown, but, conscious that the servant's eyes are upon her she says readily enough:

"Show the gentleman up."

"Yes, Miss."

When the servant is gone she clenches her jeweled hands until the pink nails leave unsightly scars in the rose-tinted palm.

"The idiot!" she mutters, angrily. "What has brought him here? I told him not to come nigh me again."

At this instant the door opens, and Captain Marthe is ushered into the drawing-room.

There was an odd, inscrutable expression upon his face as he crossed the threshold. A smile, half-sneering, half triumphant curled his lips; but his bronze-colored eyes had a restless glitter in them.

He advanced into the room, sullenly helping himself to a seat near Dora.

"Why don't you bid me welcome?" he said, in a low, satirical tone.

Dora glanced up at him, her bright eyes growing brighter than before.

"I am not given to hypocrisy."

"Humph. I thought you were given to anything by which you could better yourself."

His cool impudence seemed to vex her beyond all endurance. An angry crimson flamed into her face.

"What do you want?" she said, sharply. "Of course you have not ventured to come here on any fool's errand?"

"Perhaps I came to see you, my charming Dora. What then?

"Bah! Of course you came to see me."

"Drawn here by your wonderful beauty; your accomplishments, your excellencies of heart and mind."

"Bah!" she said again, her lips curved in a scornful smile. "I thought you knew better than to talk nonsense to me. The time for that has long since gone by. We understand each other too well to waste breath upon such matters."

"Ay," he answered, sullenly. "So let me come to the real object of this visit at once. How goes the search that is being made for Bernice?"

"You ought to know as well as I."

"Of course I do know that they have not found the girl," he said, impatiently. "But are Lasalle and Jasper Layton on the right track? Do they suspect anything?"

"I scarcely know myself what they suspect."

"They do not guess the hand you have held in the game that is going on?"

"Hush!" she whispered, with an anxious glance toward the door. "No, they believe me to be innocent as a babe unborn."

"The idiots!"

"But they have found the letter."

"What letter?"

"The one you wrote to Bernice—it is signed with Patty Glint's name."

"The devil!"

He dropped his head on his breast, a yellow pallor spreading over his face. For some minutes not another word was spoken. Captain Marthe seemed to be turning over this little bit of news that he might view it in every possible light.

"I knew the cursed dogs must have found a clue of some sort," he muttered. "But, luckily, the letter only told them that Bernice was going to keep an appointment at Millbrook Crossing."

"That is all."

"They are welcome to so much information. But we must take care they do not dive an inch further below the surface. If they do, all is lost."

"How are we to prevent it?"

"You, on your side, must put a stop to the search that is going on."

He spoke in a stern, decided tone that made Dora start perceptibly.

"I have scarcely drawn a free breath for the past two days," he went on, doggedly. "Those meddlesome fools have passed the house in which Bernice is shut up, more than once. They might see her." Dora recoiled at the words, with a startled cry. Her face grew ghastly.

"I'm glad you appreciate the situation," Captain Marthe resumed, grimly. "I think you realize, as well as I do, all there is at stake. If Bernice is discovered, one other person, whom we both know well, will be found and liberated at the same time. Then a long farewell to your most cherished dreams of wealth and prosperity."

"Great heavens!"

She shook from head to foot. She could scarcely sit in her chair, such was the violence of the emotion that possessed her. She could see herself standing upon the verge of an awful precipice, beneath which lay utter ruin and despair.

"They must not find her—and *him*;" she gasped. "Prevent it—oh, prevent it, at any cost."

"You must help me, if I am to do that."

"How?" she cried, feverishly. "Only tell me the way."

"I have told you of the danger that threatens," he answered. "Your woman's wit must find a means to shun it. Above all, look to it that the police are not called in to investigate the case. If they should be, I will not answer for the consequences."

"How am I to prevent it?" she demanded, helplessly.

"Has your subtle tongue no power with Jasper Layton—none with Lasalle?" he said, in a sarcastic tone. "Have you forgotten all your old wiles, your old enchantments? There are Marc Antonys still, ready to fling worlds away for a woman's smile."

He paused and looked at her steadfastly. A faint, peach-like bloom showed itself through the pallor of her face.

"I think—I understand you," she faltered.

"I'm glad that you do. Then no more is needed. I will take my leave."

He arose, pressed her hand lightly, and with a half-mocking bow, was gone.

Gone, to lay that vile plot with Bill, and the woman, Meg, that had stolen away poor Bernice's senses at a moment so critical.

Dora heard his footsteps die away, the hall door close sharply, and then all was still again.

"Am I to be balked, baffled, ruined now?" she murmured. "Never! I have risked too much, and the stakes are too high to be given up without a desperate struggle!"

Angrily she dashed a few hot tears from her eyes, and then went hurriedly up to her own room, where she *posed* and studied face and figure for more than an hour before the glass.

"While I keep my good looks, I can twist any man living around my finger," she said, turning away, at last, with a self-satisfied smile.

At this instant steady hoof-beats sounded in the distance, the sound drifting through the open window quite audibly, coming from the avenue that led up to the house.

"It is Jasper," said Dora, looking out.

She ran down stairs, and was gliding up and down the long verandah, looking cool, restful, and dangerously pretty when Jasper Layton, having flung his bridle to a groom in waiting, ascended the steps.

She gave a slight start, at sight of him, as if the meeting was quite unexpected, and a soft, seashell flush mantled cheek and brow.

"I'm glad you have come back," she said, sweetly.

What wonder that Jasper took the hand she offered and led her to a seat, feeling that the world held scarcely another such vision of perfect loveliness? He was jaded and worn. Her warm welcome seemed dangerously sweet; it moved him as it might not have done under other circumstances.

"How bright, how beautiful you are," he said, in soft, caressing tones.

She looked up at him with a smile that was half-shy, half-proud.

"Am I," she murmured. "I am glad, oh, so glad."

"Why are you glad, mignonne?"

"Because it is so nice to be beautiful, and—and—because my friends will love and prize me all the more highly, for being pretty."

He smiled at her naive innocence, as it seemed to him, and said gently:

"Who could help loving you, Dora? It is not in man's nature to resist a being so infinitely charming."

Her eyes fell low before the passionate fervor of the glance that sought her own, and her head drooped until it rested upon his shoulder.

"I—I—do not understand you," she said, just above her breath, leading him on so slyly that he did not once suspect what she was doing.

His arm slid round her waist. She looked so dangerously sweet and winning, so gentle, tender and womanly, that he had not the strength to withstand her attractions.

"My darling; my precious rose bud," he cried, lured on by a species of intoxication which he could neither help nor resist. "Let me make my meaning clear enough. Let me tell you of all the boundless love that consumes me."

"Love?" she echoed, half-incredulously. Then the color deepened and glowed like flame in her cheeks. She tried to meet his passionate glance, and hid her face as if its ardor was more than she could bear.

Her acting was perfection itself. It is not strange that Jasper was thoroughly blinded.

But did no vision of the innocent girl whose fair high-bred face had dawned upon him in all the gloom of the busy mill like a new revelation, come to rouse him from the siren's fatal spell?

Alas, no! For a few mad moments, Bernice was wholly forgotten. He forgot even her possible peril, the singular manner of her disappearance, the uncertainty of her fate,—everything, everybody save the beautiful Circe by his side.

"Speak to me," he cried, passionately, drawing her close to his heart. "Look up and tell me that you are mine, as I am yours."

"O, Jasper! As if it needed words to tell you how fondly I love you!"

It was enough. Closer and closer he

strained her to his heart, dropping kisses upon burning cheek and brow.

"My life—my peerless darling!" he murmured.

They still sat side by side when the dark fell and the purple twilight shut them in. There was such triumph in Dora's heart as she found it very difficult to conceal. She was glad of the friendly shadows that hid her glittering eyes, and glowing face.

"A bold move, but I have won," she thought, in fierce exultation. "This daring Don Quixote of mine will scarcely deem it just the thing to be scouring the country round for another hapless damsel, now that he is pledged to me.

"Now for my worthy Lasalle. I must balk his movements some other way, of course; though the means taken should be quite as effectual. I know he contemplates calling in the aid of the police. That must not be done at any hazard—Captain Marthe's warning is worth heeding."

Jasper's thoughts were very different when he finally tore himself away from the temptress' side. He felt a strange sinking at the heart, a sense of loss and pain. He had not meant to declare himself. He was not even sure that he loved Dora. But he had yielded himself up to the madness of the moment.

"I know she is good and true," he said to himself, while keeping a late and lonely vigil in his own apartment, that night, "my old doubts were a foul wrong to her and I flung them to the winds long ago. I pray heaven that no cloud may ever come between us—that we may live on, loving and trusting each other till the end."

(To be continued in our next.)

SIBYL'S LESSON.

BY LENA PAUL.

"Do make it up, Sibyl, will you not?"

Philip Dalton said this in such an earnest, pleading manner, and with such a little tremour in his voice, that it ought to have touched Sibyl Westwood's heart; but she was angry now, and gave no heed to any show of emotion on his part.

She tossed her head a little defiantly as she said, "I shall do no such thing! You have chosen to become displeased with me upon a trifling matter——"

"But Sibyl——" Philip Dalton ventured to say.

She interrupted him coldly.

"I have heard enough, sir; there can be nothing more between us; hereafter our paths in life are different."

"Sibyl, do you really mean this? Are you fully aware of what you are saying?"

"I believe I am, sir; I was never more sane than I am at this moment."

A look of intense pain crossed Philip Dalton's handsome face as she spoke these cruel words, and it was in a tremulous voice that he said, "Good-bye, then, Sibyl; I never meant to offend you—never intended any wrong towards you. I loved you too well to do anything that was not for your own good. Forgive me, and always think well of me as a friend, if as nothing more."

He caught her hand, wrung it hastily, and before Sibyl was aware of it, was gone from her side. She gazed after him as he hurried down the road, thinking that he would return; but he walked on, never once looking back, and Sibyl realized then what she had done.

She felt as if all the happiness were gone from her life, and in despair she cried out, "Oh, Philip Philip! Come back!"

But he did not hear her; he was out of sight now; and wringing her hands, and sobbing violently, Sibyl hastened from the little porch, and went up to her room with a sad and heavy heart.

"I will see him to-morrow," she said to herself, "and ask him to forgive me."

Ah! if she only knew how many long and weary years were to elapse before she would ever see him again!

They were not very pleasant thoughts which occupied Philip Dalton's mind on that bright June afternoon, after he had left Sibyl. He walked on, scarcely caring whither he went, a fierce conflict taking place in his noble heart. He loved Sibyl Westwood, and she had promised to become his own little wife, to make life bright and happy for him; but now that dream was over; they had quarrelled, and she had refused to become reconciled to him. He thought it all over now, and, in spite of every emotion, calmly laid his plans for the future. It was a hard struggle, indeed, that he fought that peaceful afternoon, when all looked so bright and beautiful, and everything and everybody seemed at rest but himself.

I cannot describe, dear reader, what his feelings were when, the next day, he left his native village, where he had once been so happy, and which he never expected to see again; nor can I tell you, either, with what sorrow Sibyl received this information. So they were parted, these two who had been so happy but one short week before—yes, parted, and perhaps for ever!

Five years passed away, and, in all that time, our Sibyl, Sibyl Westwood still, had not seen or met Philip Dalton, although many rumors had reached her, now and then, of his great fame as an author. Her life had been very dreary since he left—so very weary and hopeless to her, having to bear, day after day, the same heavy load of mingled sorrow and reproach for casting aside the great affection that might have been hers.

To-night, as she sat by the open window with her head leaning wearily upon her hands, she thought of the past—thought of the time when she was so happy—when Philip Dalton first came, and won her fond heart; then she thought of the last time they met, and of the cruel words she uttered; what would she not have given to recall them? Oh, how bitterly she had regretted them—how much she had suffered all these weary, weary years, with no sympathy from others, and no hope of ever seeing Philip Dalton!

Overcome by her emotions, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" she said aloud, "where are you to-night? Oh, if I could but see you—could but tell you how truly sorry I am!"

Somebody was standing beside her; a hand was laid gently upon Sibyl's bowed head, and, looking up, she saw Philip Dalton's earnest gray eyes bent upon her.

"My darling," he said, tremulous with emotion, "I could stay away from you no longer; do you love me still, Sibyl?"

She did not answer, and he held her a little from him, eagerly scanning her face, as if to read there an answer to his question; then, as if satisfied with his rapid survey of that pale, tear-wet face, he folded her to his bosom.

"Kiss me, and make it up, Sibyl, will you not?" he asked, once more; and Sibyl looking up into the handsome face above her, and smiling through her tears, did not refuse him.

She had learned a lesson—one which she was never to forget in all the coming years of her life.

COMING PLEASURES.

Shadow-leaves of ragged elm,
Thrown on cool, green meadow-plants;
Light beyond, and flowered realms,
Passing bees' deep organ-chants.

Plumes of air that touch the cheek
Like a rose, as soft and brief;
Happy thoughts that need not speak,
Lapped in rest and love's belief.

Rippling stream by sun and shade,
Hidden meshed, or amber deep;
Song of bird, and tinkling blade,
Where the distant corn they reap.

Such an hour is coming, sweet,
Banishing the anxious frown—
Painless ache and trouble's heat—
Bringing heavenly angels down.

MY COUSIN HARRY.

BY ANNIE VERNON.

My cousin, Harry Vining, had said, the evening before "Little cos, I'm coming to take you for a drive to-morrow, if the weather is fine," and the weather being fine, we went.

He was only my second cousin; but we had always made a great deal of the relationship, and he seemed more like a brother than so distant a connection. But on that day he told me how he loved me, and how I could only make his life happy, and would I be his wife?

At first I could not believe him; yet surely he could not be in sport; and I, as usual began to cry. Then, when he tried to squeeze my hand, I drew it away, and sat, after I had recovered from my first outburst, looking red, and tearful, and abashed. I felt as though Cousin Harry, whom I loved very much, but not in that way, had really done something very impolitic and unkind.

To tell the truth, it was my first offer; and to accept it would have been the height of absurdity. When he looked at me so seriously, and said, "Annie, I know you like me, but do you love me?" I only burst out crying again, said, "Let's go home," and continued to be very lachrymose all the rest of the way.

When we got home, I ran into the house, not asking him to come in. Of course, he would do that without my asking him, if he wanted—he always did. But not this time. Instead, he sprang into his phaeton, and drove off without another word; and I rushed up to my room to have a comfortable cry, and think it all over. And my deliberations brought me to this conclusion: that Cousin Harry was very foolish to think of such a thing. I loved him very dearly, but only as a brother. Besides, I wanted more offers, and more flirting, before I tied myself down to any particular individual. To be an old lady at eighteen, forsooth! Indeed, I was not going to do any such thing; and I, who never kept a secret from my mother, wisely concluded, in my new dignity, that I had better not mention the matter—perhaps Cousin Harry would prefer that I should not.

So I dressed myself as usual, and went down to the parlor where mamma sat with her work.

"It seems to me that your ride was unusually short," she said, as I entered.

"Oh, it was cold, and windy, and forlorn, and I wanted to get home."

No reply, but a look of some surprise; such an excuse from me was unheard of. After a pause, she asked, "Why didn't Harry come in?"

"Why, I thought he was behind me, and when I turned at the door he was driving off."

Another questioning look. Evidently mamma saw that something was wrong, and was puzzled at what it could be. So I said, "I think I'll go and play a little," glad of any pretext for getting out of range of her sharp eyes.

But I was too much perturbed to play, and soon closed the piano, and then went up to my room, and then down again to the sitting-room; and I wandered about, until I heard my father's step, and sprang to meet him.

At dinner, he and mamma behaved in the most tantalizing manner. He was determined to know every particular of the drive, and evasion was impossible. At last, in reply to a very pressing inquiry as to the subject of our quarrel—for I had been compelled to admit that we had quarrelled—I said, "I shan't tell you."

Whereupon he said, "Oh, if I had known it was anything of a private nature, I would not have pressed my inquiries. I beg your pardon, my dear," with much courtesy; whereat they both began to laugh.

My vexation seemed to amuse them mightily, and I rose from the table in anything but an amiable frame of mind.

But as I was expecting company—no other than the son of the wealthy banker, Mr. Thomas Dickerson—I speedily donned my sweetest smiles and my most enchanting manner for his benefit.

"He's almost as nice as Cousin Harry, and he's so very rich."

The last reflection bringing with it the picture of an elegant mansion, and carriages and horses, and splendid dresses, and rich jewelry, so elated me, that I prepared to be especially brilliant.

But Mr. Thomas Dickerson, junior, spite of being tailorized and barberized to the last degree, was undeniably commonplace in appearance, and not less so in conversation. His remarks had never seemed so trite and vapid. I was positively ashamed of him; and when he asked me to go to the theatre with him on a certain evening, it was only the recollection of his great name, and great expectations, that finally led me to accept the invitation.

"Cousin Harry Vining's a great deal nicer! Indeed, I love him dearly," and I began to feel very miserable again; "but I could not marry my cousin; and besides, just think of Tom Dickerson's wealth. Any girl would be glad to get Tom Dickerson, or Harry Vining, either;" and my mind reverted to several of my friends who were always raving about him.

Nearly a week passed, and Cousin Harry, who never absented himself more than two days at a time, had not made his appearance; and, worst of all, he was at the theatre the night before with that horrid little Nora Knapp. Some people called Nora pretty, but I never could see it; and on that particular evening she was positively frightful. But Cousin Harry was all devotion, and she looked as though she was in heaven.

I was so angry that I could have torn her eyes out; but I pretended to be perfectly fascinated with Tom. I wanted Harry to see me, but I was not sure that he did. Several times I detected him looking in that direction, whereupon I instantly became absorbed in Tom. Coming out, we were just a little in advance of them. I managed it so, and I was in the gayest spirits, quite convulsed with laughter, in fact, and clinging to Tom's arm as though I loved him dearly, instead of utterly despising him.

We had received invitations to a party for the next evening. I would not have stayed at home for worlds, though I had nearly cried my eyes out, and had a violent headache in consequence.

On such occasions, Harry had always been my escort; but, of course, he would take some one else now, and Tom had asked me. I had always run down to exhibit myself to Harry before the final wrapping up, but I could not do so for Tom; and I was as sulky as sulky could be when I presented myself.

What did I care for his old riches? I never would marry him, and he might as well find it out first as last. So, when he remarked on the beauty of the night, as we proceeded in the carriage, I declared that it was the coldest, blackest and most wretched night of the season.

An answer so full and exhaustive admitted of no reply, and there was a silence of several minutes.

Mr. Vining was probably not to be present at the party, as he was generally my escort, was the next remark?

I was sure *I* did not know whether he was to be present or not! I was not kept informed of all my cousin's movements.

A silence somewhat longer than before, but Mr. Dickerson was not to be thwarted. He had set out with the determination to be agreeable, and slight obstacles should not discourage him.

"Mr. Vining appears to be very attentive to Miss Knapp lately," he said. "They were riding in the park on Tuesday, I noticed."

Such a pang as shot through me! I had not the heart to be cross, so I merely said, "Indeed!" and coughed, and laughed, and choked, and swallowed, to keep back a burst of grief.

Of course, the first person I saw, on entering the room, was Cousin Harry, with Nora Knapp upon his arm; but I affected the most supreme devotion to Tom, and utterly ignored Harry's presence. I was perfectly wild that night, dancing, flirting and laughing, as though I never had a care; insomuch, that I heard a gentleman remark to another, "I think Miss Vernon is the most light-hearted creature I ever saw. What a sunbeam she must be at home!"

After a while, Harry and I met face to face, and he said, "Good evening!" with a careless smile, and turned to his partner.

So the winter months passed, and Tom was usually my cavalier, though, now that Harry's attentions had ceased, other gentlemen began to make advances. But none of them pleased me; and Tom disgusted me so, that I could hardly treat him with necessary civility. In fact, I was often excessively rude to him, which had an effect the reverse of that desired, for his visits and attentions increased every week.

Harry, in the meantime, was as attentive as possible to Miss Knapp, and it was soon reported that they were engaged; and even I was compelled to believe it when she displayed an engagement-ring.

So, with some heartaches, I determined seriously, and after mature deliberation, that I should not marry at all. I was the only child, and it was plainly my duty to remain with my parents, to comfort their declining years; and, inasmuch as such was to be my fate, I might as well begin immediately; so I took to drinking a great deal of tea, to taking a very great interest in household affairs, and to sympathizing with and assisting mamma among the poor, and to being extremely methodical and precise.

Harry had not been to the house since that last day, over three months ago; and now mamma and papa did not mention him. I never told them the cause of our quarrel; and they soon ceased to question me, though I could not help suspecting that they knew.

At last, one day, Tom Dickerson asked me, in a stupid, blundering sort of a way, if I would be his wife; whereupon I informed him, in a manner sufficiently positive, that I most assuredly would not. His surprise was immense, and he seemed to think I must have made a mistake; wanted to know if I really meant it; and said that I should have everything I wanted. But the more he insisted, the more emphatic I became; and he at length took leave, saying that if I should change my mind I must let him know.

As soon as he was gone, I told mamma all about it; and then she drew from me the story, told with many tears, of Harry's declaration, and how I had spurned it, and how miserable I had been ever since; and now he was engaged to somebody else, and I should never marry anybody. After sobbing a little with my head in her lap, I felt a great deal better, and that it would not be so hard to be an old maid after all. My only regret was that, old as I might consider myself, no one else could possibly consider me so for ten years yet; and yet, during all that time, I should be obliged to go into society.

A few days after this, mamma and papa went out one afternoon to make a call, and I was sitting alone in the parlor. Suddenly some one pronounced my name, and looking up, I saw Cousin Harry, who, when I sprang up in dismay, caught me in his arms.

But I shall not tell any more, save that when papa and mamma came in, they found us sitting very cozily on the sofa, where Harry held me fast, though I tried hard to assume a more dignified position at a distance when I heard them coming.

There were a great many explanations to be made; and it finally appeared that I had been the victim of a conspiracy.

Papa and mamma had suspected something all the time, but had known nothing certainly until my confession. Papa had immediately seen Harry, and had brought about this meeting.

As for the latter, his attentions to Miss Knapp were intended solely to bring me to my senses, if I had any, as she was soon to be married to a gentleman who was then abroad.

We were married, after a very short engagement; and, though my short married life has had some clouds, they have resulted, generally, from my own pettishness, and they are becoming more rare. But of this I am sure, that I never was so happy before.

TROUBLE.

It is strange how differently a deep trouble shall affect different persons. One cries aloud for sympathy, with outstretched hands of anguish. Another clasps the hands tightly over the poisoned arrow, to conceal it from all eyes, and silently dies of the pain. Another affects jollity, and rushes wildly from one excitement to another, hoping for nothing, caring for nothing, save never to be left one moment alone with the misery. Which of all these is the greatest sufferer, he and his own soul knoweth. To fly is not always to shun. He who, placing a chair for Misery, accepts him as an inevitable guest, and goes on with his ordinary employments all the same as if he were not there, stands the surest chance to be rid of him or grow indifferent to his unwelcome presence. To all, however, it is not given to do this; but at least even for *them* there cometh an end to all things.

EAST LYNNE;

OR

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

[This Serial was commenced in No. 1. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

By the side of William Carlyle's dying bed knelt the Lady Isabel. The time was at hand, and the boy was quite reconciled to his fate. Merciful, indeed, is God to dying children! It is astonishing how very readily, where the right means are taken, they may be brought to look with pleasure, rather than fear, upon their unknown journey.

The brilliant hectic, type of the disease, had gone from his cheeks, his features were white and wasted, and his eyes large and bright. His silky brown hair was pushed off his temples, and his little hot hands were thrown outside the bed.

"It won't be so very long to wait, you know, will it, Madame Vine?"

"For what, darling?"

"Before they all come—papa and mamma, and Lucy, and all of them."

A jealous feeling shot across her wearied heart. Was she nothing to him. "Do you not care that I should come to you, William?"

"Yes, I hope you will. But, do you think we shall know *everybody* in Heaven? Or will it be only our own relations?"

"Oh, child! I think there will be no relations, as you call it, up there. We can trust all that to God, however it may be."

William lay looking upward at the sky, apparently in thought. A dark blue, serene sky, from which shone the hot July sun. His bed had been moved near the window, for he liked to sit up in it and look at the landscape. The window was open now, and the butterflies and bees sported in the summer air.

"I wonder how it will be?" pondered he, aloud. "There will be the beautiful city, with its gates of pearl, and its shining precious stones, and its streets of gold; and there will be the clear river, and the trees with their fruits and their healing leaves, and the lovely flowers; and there will be the harps, and music, and singing; and what else will there be?"

"Everything that is desirable and beautiful, William; but what, we may not anticipate here."

Another pause. "Madame Vine, will Jesus come for me, do you think, or will he send an angel?"

"Jesus has *promised* to come for his own redeemed—for those who love him and wait for him."

"Yes, yes; and then I shall be happy forever. It will be so pleasant to be there, never to be tired or ill again!"

"Pleasant? Ay! Oh, William! would that the time were come."

She was thinking of herself—of her freedom—though the boy knew it not. She buried her face in her hands and continued speaking; William had to bend his ear to catch the faint whisper.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

"Madame Vine, do you think mamma will be there?" he presently asked. "I mean mamma that was."

"Ay, ere long."

"But how shall I know her? You see, I have nearly forgotten what she was like."

She leaned over him, laying her forehead upon his wasted arm, and burst into a flood of impassioned tears. "You will know her, never fear, William; she has not forgotten you."

"But how can we be sure that she will be there?" debated William, after a pause of thought. "You know"—sinking his voice, and speaking with hesitation—"she was not quite good; she was not good to papa or to us. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not grow good, and did not ask God to forgive her!"

"Oh, William!" sobbed the unhappy lady, "her whole life, after she left you, was one long scene of repentance, of seeking forgiveness. Her repentance, her sorrow, was greater than she could bear, and"——

"And what?" asked William, for there was a pause.

"Her heart broke in it—yearning after you and your father."

"What makes you think it?"

"Child, I *know* it."

William considered. Then, had he been strong enough, he would have started up with energy. "Madame Vine, you could only know that by mamma's telling you! Did you ever see her? Did you know her abroad?"

Lady Isabel's thoughts were far away—up in the clouds, perhaps. She reflected not on the possible consequences of her answer, or she had never given it.

"Yes, I knew her abroad."

"Oh!" said the boy. "Why did you never tell us? What did she say? What was she like?"

"She said"—sobbing wildly—"that she was parted from her children here; but she should meet them in heaven, and be with them forever. William, darling! all the awful pain, and sadness, and guilt of this world will be washed out, and God will wipe our tears away."

"What was her face like?" he questioned, softly.

"Like yours. Very much like Lucy's."

"Was she pretty?"

A momentary pause. "Yes."

"Oh, dear! I am ill. Hold me!" cried out William, as his head sank to one side, and great drops, as large as peas, broke forth upon his clammy face. It appeared to be one of the temporary faint attacks that had overpowered him at times lately, and Lady Isabel rang the bell hastily.

Wilson came in, in answer. Joyce was the usual attendant upon the sick-room; but Mrs. Carlyle, with her infant, was passing the day at the Grove, unconscious of the critical state of William, and she had taken Joyce with her. It was the day following the trial. Mr. Justice Hare had been brought to West Lynne in his second attack, and Barbara had gone to see him, to console her mother, and to welcome Richard to his home again. If one carriage drove, that day, to the Grove, with cards and inquiries, fifty did, not to speak of the foot callers. "It is all meant by way of attention to you, Richard," said gentle Mrs. Hare, smiling through her loving tears at her restored son. Lucy and Archie were dining at Miss Carlyle's, and Sarah attended little Arthur, leaving Wilson free. She came in, in answer to Madame Vine's ring.

"Is he off in another faint?" unceremoniously cried she, hastening to the bed.

"I think so. Help to raise him."

William did not faint. No; the attack was quite different from those he was subject to. Instead of losing consciousness and power, as was customary, he shook as if he had the ague, and laid hold both of Madame Vine and Wilson, grasping them convulsively.

"Don't let me fall! don't let me fall!" he gasped.

"My dear, you cannot fall," responded Madame Vine. "You forget that you are on the bed."

He clasped them yet, and trembled still, as from fear. "Don't let me fall! don't let me fall!" the incessant burden of his cry.

The paroxysm passed. They wiped his brow, and stood looking at him; Wilson with a pursed-up mouth, and a peculiar expression of face. She put a spoonful of restorative jelly between his lips, and he swallowed it, but shook his head when she would have given him another. Turning his face to the pillow, in a few moments he was in a doze.

"What could it have been?" exclaimed Lady Isabel, in an under tone, to Wilson.

"I know," was the oracular answer. "I saw this same sort of attack once before, madame."

"And what caused it?"

"'Twasn't in a child, though," went on Wilson—"'twas in a grown up person. But that's nothing; it comes for the same thing in all. I think he was taken for death."

"Who?" uttered Lady Isabel, startled.

Wilson made no reply in words, but she pointed with her finger to the bed.

"Oh, Wilson! he is not so ill as that. Mr. Wainwright said this morning that he might last a week or two."

Wilson composedly sat herself down in the easiest chair. She was not wont to put herself out of the way for the governess; and that governess was too much afraid of her, in one sense, to let her know her place. "As to Wainwright, he's nobody," quoth she. "And if he saw the child's breath going out before his face, and knew that the next moment would be his last, he'd vow to us all that he was good for twelve hours to come. You don't know Wainwright as I do, madame. He was our doctor at mother's; and he has attended in all the places I have lived in since I went out to service. Five years I was head nurse at Squire Pinner's; going on for four, I was lady's maid at Mrs. Hare's. I came here when Miss Lucy was a baby; and in all my places has he attended, like one's shadow. My Lady Isabel thought great guns of old Wainwright, I remember. It was more than I did."

My Lady Isabel made no response to this. She took a seat and watched William through her glasses. Her breathing was more labored than usual.

"That idiot, Sarah, says to me to-day, says she, 'Which of his two grandpapas will they bury him by, old Mr. Carlyle or Lord Mount Severn?' 'Don't be a calf' I answered her. 'D'ye think they'll stick him out in the corner with my lord?—he'll be put in the Carlyle vault, of course.' It would have been different, you see, Madame Vine, if my lady had died at home, all proper Mr. Carlyle's wife. They' have buried her, no doubt, by her father, and the boy would have been laid with her. But she did not."

No reply was made by Madame Vine, and a silence ensued; nothing to be heard but that fleeting breath.

"I wonder how that beauty feels?" suddenly broke forth Wilson again, her tone one of scornful irony.

Lady Isabel, her eyes and her thoughts absorbed by William, positively thought Wilson's words must relate to him. She turned to her in surprise.

"That bright gem in the prison at Lynneborough," exclaimed Wilson. "I hope he may have found himself pretty well since yesterday! I wonder how many trainfuls from West Lynne will go to his hanging?"

Isabel's face turned crimson, her heart sick. She had not dared to inquire how the trial terminated. The subject altogether was too dreadful, and nobody had happened to mention it in her hearing.

"Is he condemned?" she breathed in a low tone.

"He is condemned, and good luck to him! And Mr. Otway Bethel's let loose again, and good luck to *him*. A nice pair they are! Nobody went from this house to hear the trial—it might not have been pleasant, you know, to Mr. Carlyle; but people came in last night and told us all about it. Young Richard Hare chiefly convicted him. He is back again, and so nice-looking, they say, the cheering and shouts that greeted Mr. Richard when his innocence came out; it pretty near rose off the roof of the court, and the judge didn't stop it."

Wilson paused, but there was no answering comment. On she went again.

"When Mr. Carlyle brought the news home last evening, and broke it to his wife, telling her how Mr. Richard had been received with acclamations, she nearly fainted, for she's not strong yet. Mr. Carlyle called out to me to bring some water—I was in the next room with the baby—and there she was, the tears raining from her eyes, and he holding her to him. I always said there was a whole world of love between those two, though he did go and marry another. Mr. Carlyle ordered me to put the water down, and sent me away again. But I don't fancy he told her of old Hare's attack until this morning."

Lady Isabel lifted her aching forehead. "What attack?"

"Why, madame, don't you know? I declare you box yourself up in the house, keeping from everybody, and you hear nothing. You might as well be living at the bottom of a coalpit. Old Hare had another stroke in the court at Lynneborough, and that's why my mistress is gone to the Grove to-day."

"Who says Richard Hare's come home, Wilson?"

The question—the weak, scarcely audible question—had come from the dying boy. Wilson threw up her hands and made a bound to the bed. "The like of that!" she uttered, aside to Mrs. Vine. "One never knows when to take these sick ones. Master William, you hold your tongue and drop off to sleep again. Your papa will be home soon from Lynneborough; and if you talk and get tired, he'll say it's my fault. Come, shut your eyes. Will you have a bit more jelly?"

William, making no reply to the offer of jelly, buried his face again on the pillow. But he was grievously restless; the nearly worn-out spirit was ebbing and flowing.

Mr. Carlyle was at Lynneborough. He always had much business there at assize time, in the *Nisi Prius* Court; but the previous day he had not gone himself, Mr. Dill had been dispatched to represent him.

Between seven and eight he returned home, and came into William's chamber. The boy brightened up at the well-known presence.

"Papa!"

Mr. Carlyle sat down on the bed and kissed him. The passing beams of the sun, slanting from the horizon, shone into the room, and Mr. Carlyle could view well the dying face. The grey hue of death was certainly on it.

"Is he worse?" he exclaimed hastily, to Madame Vine, who was jacketed, and capped, and spectacled, and tied up round the throat, and otherwise disguised, in her universal fashion.

"He appears worse this evening, sir—more weak."

"Papa," panted William, "is the trial over?"

"What trial, my boy?"

"Sir Francis Levison's."

"It was over yesterday. Never trouble your head about him, my brave boy, he is not worth it."

"But I want to know. Will they hang him?"

"He is sentenced to it."

"Did he kill Hallijohn?"

"Yes. Who has been talking to him upon the subject?" Mr. Carlyle continued to Madame Vine, marked displeasure in his tone.

"Wilson mentioned it, sir," was the low answer.

"Oh, papa! what will he do? Will Jesus forgive *him?*"

"We must hope it."

"Do you hope it, papa?"

"Yes. I wish that all the world may be forgiven, William, whatever may have been their sins. My child, how restless you seem!"

"I can't keep in one place; the bed gets wrong. Pull me up on the pillow, will you, Madame Vine?"

Mr. Carlyle gently lifted the boy himself. "Madame Vine is an untiring nurse to you, William," he observed greatfully casting a glance toward her in the distance, where she had retreated, and was shaded by the window curtain.

William made no reply; he seemed to be trying to recall something. "I forget! I forget!"

"Forget what?" asked Mr. Carlyle.

"It was something I wanted to ask you, or to tell you. Isn't Lucy come home?"

"I suppose not."

"Papa, I want Joyce."

"I will send her home to you. I am going for your mamma after dinner."

"For mamma?—oh, I remember now. Papa, how shall I know mamma in heaven? Not this mamma."

Mr. Carlyle did not immediately reply. The question may have puzzled him. William continued hastily; possibly mistaking the motive of the silence.

"She *will* be in heaven, you know."

"Yes, yes, child"—speaking hurriedly.

"Madame Vine knows she will. She saw her abroad; and mamma told her that—what was it, madame?"

Madame Vine grew sick with alarm. Mr. Carlyle turned his eyes upon her scarlet face—as much as he could get to see of it. She would have escaped from the room if she could.

"Mamma was more sorry than she could bear," went on William, finding he was not helped. "She wanted you, papa, and she wanted us, and her heart broke, and she died."

A flush rose to Mr. Carlyle's brow. He turned inquiringly to Madame Vine.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," she murmured, with desperate energy. "I ought not so to have spoken; I ought not to have interfered in your family affairs. I spoke only as I thought it must be, sir. The boy seemed troubled about his mother."

Mr. Carlyle was at sea. "Did you meet his mother abroad? I scarcely understand."

She lifted her hand and covered her glowing face. "No, sir." Surely the recording angel blotted out the words! If ever a prayer for forgiveness went up from an aching heart, it must have gone up then, for the equivocation over her child's death-bed!

Mr. Carlyle went toward her. "Do you perceive the change in his countenance?" he whispered.

"Yes, sir; yes. He has looked like this since a strange fit of trembling that came on in the afternoon. Wilson thought he might be taken for death. I fear that some four-and-twenty hours will end it."

Mr. Carlyle rested his elbow on the window frame, and his hand upon his brow, his drooping eyelids falling over his eyes. "It is hard to lose him."

"Oh, sir, he will be better off!" she wailed, choking down the sobs and the emotion, that arose threateningly. "We can bear death: it is not the worst parting that the earth knows. He will be quit of this cruel world, sheltered in heaven. I wish we were all there!"

A servant came to say that Mr. Carlyle's dinner was served, and he proceeded to it with what appetite he had. When he returned to the sick-room, the daylight had faded, and a solitary candle was placed where its rays could not fall on the child's face. Mr. Carlyle took the light in his hand to scan that face again. He was lying sideways on the pillow, his hollow breath echoing through the room. The light caused him to open his eyes.

"Don't, papa, please. I like it dark."

"Only for one moment, my precious boy." And not for more than a moment did Mr. Carlyle hold it. The blue, pinched, ghastly look was there yet. Death was certainly coming on quick.

At that moment Lucy and Archibald came in, on their return from their visit to Miss Carlyle. The dying boy looked up eagerly.

"Good-bye, Lucy," he said, putting out his cold, damp hand.

"I am not going out," replied Lucy. "We have but just come home."

"Good-bye, Lucy," repeated he.

She laid hold of the little hand then, leaned over, and kissed him. "Good-bye, William! but indeed I am not going out anywhere."

"I am," said he. "I am going to heaven. Where's Archie?"

Mr. Carlyle lifted Archie on to the bed. Lucy looked frightened, Archie surprised.

"Archie, good-bye; good-bye, dear. I am going to heaven; to that bright, blue sky, you know. I shall see mamma there, and I'll tell her that you and Lucy are coming soon."

Lucy, a sensitive child, broke into a loud storm of sobs; enough to disturb the equanimity of any sober sick-room. Wilson hastened in at the sound, and Mr. Carlyle sent the two children away, with soothing promises that they should see William in the morning, if he continued well enough.

Down on her knees, her face buried in the counterpane, a corner of it stuffed into her mouth that it might help to stifle her agony, knelt Lady Isabel. The moment's excitement was well-nigh beyond her strength of endurance. Her own child; his child; they alone around his death-bed, and she might not ask or receive a word of comfort, of consolation!

Mr. Carlyle glanced at her as he caught her choking sobs; just as he would have glanced at any other attentive governess. Feeling her sympathy, doubtless; but nothing more; she was not heart and part with him and his departing boy. Lower and lower bent he over that boy, for his eyes were wet.

"Don't cry, papa," whispered William, raising his feeble hand caressingly to his father's cheek. "I am not afraid to go. Jesus is coming for me."

"Afraid to go! Indeed I hope not, my gentle boy. You are going to God; to hap-

pines. A few years—we know not how few—and we shall all come to you."

"Yes, you will be sure to come: I know that. I shall tell mamma so. I dare say she is looking out for me now. Perhaps she's standing on the banks of the river, watching the boats."

He had evidently got the picture of Martin's in his mind, the Plain of Heaven. Mr. Carlyle turned to the table. He saw some strawberry juice, pressed from the fresh fruit, and moistened with it the boy's fevered lips.

"Papa I can't think how Jesus can be in all the lands! Perhaps they don't go quite at the same time? He must be, you know, because he comes to fetch us."

"He will be in yours, darling," was the whispered, fervent answer.

"Oh yes. He will take me all the way up to God, and say, 'Here's a poor little boy come, you must please to forgive him and let him go into heaven, because I died for him!' Papa, did you know that mamma's heart broke?"

"William, I think it likely that your poor mamma's heart did break, ere death came. But let us talk of you; not of her. Are you in pain?"

"I can't breathe; I can't swallow. I wish Joyce was here."

"She will not be long first."

The boy nestled himself in his father's arms, and in a few minutes appeared to be asleep. Mr. Carlyle, after a while, gently laid him on his pillow, watched him, and then turned to depart.

"Oh, papa, papa!" he cried out, in a tone of painful entreaty, opening wide his yearning eyes, "say good bye to me!"

Mr. Carlyle's tears fell upon the little upturned face, as he once more caught it to his breast.

"My darling, your papa will soon be back. He is going to bring mamma to see you."

"And pretty little baby Anna?"

"And baby Anna, if you would like her to come in. I will not leave my darling boy for long: he need not fear. I shall not leave you again to-night, William, when I come back."

"Then put me down, and go, papa."

A lingering embrace—a fond, lingering, and tearful embrace—Mr. Carlyle holding him to his beating heart. Then he laid him comfortably on his pillow, gave him a teaspoonful of strawberry juice, and hastened away.

"Good bye, papa," came forth the little feeble cry.

It was not heard. Mr. Carlyle was gone. Gone from his living child—forever. Up rose Lady Isabel, and flung her arms aloft in a storm of sobs.

"Oh, William, darling! in this dying moment, let me be to you as your mother!"

Again the unclosed his wearied eyelids. It is probable that he only partially understood.

"Papa's gone for her."

"Not *her*! I—I"—Lady Isabel checked herself, and fell sobbing on the bed. No; not even at that last hour, when the world was closing on him, dared she say, I am your mother.

Wilson re-entered. "He looks as if he were dropping off to sleep," quoth she.

"Yes," said Lady Isabel. "You need not wait, Wilson. I will ring if he requires anything."

Wilson, though withal not a hard-hearted woman, was not one to remain for pleasure in a sick-room, if told she might leave it. She, Lady Isabel, remained alone. She fell on her knees again, this time in prayer—in prayer for the departing spirit, on its wing, and that God would mercifully vouchsafe herself a resting place with it in heaven.

A review of the past then rose up before her, from the time of her first entering that house, the bride of Mr. Carlyle, to her present sojourn in it. The old scenes passed through her mind like the changing pictures in a phantasmagoria. Why should they have come, there and then? She knew not.

William slept on silently: she thought of the past. The dreadful reflection. "If I had not—done as I did—how different would it have been now!" had been sounding its knell in her heart so often, that she had almost ceased to shudder at it. The very nails of her hands had, before now, entered the palms with the sharp pain it brought. Stealing over her more especially this night, there, as she knelt, her head lying on the counterpane, came the recollection of that first illness of hers. How she had lain, and, in her unfounded jealousy, imagined Barbara the house's mistress. She dead; Barbara exalted to her place, Mr. Carlyle's wife, her child's stepmother! She recalled the day when, her mind excited by certain gossip of Wilson's—it was previously in a state of fever bordering on delirium—she had prayed her husband, in terror and anguish, not to marry Barbara. "How could he marry her?" he had replied, in his soothing pity. "She, Isabel, was his wife: who was Barbara? Nothing to them?" But it had all come to pass. *She* had brought it forth. Not Mr. Carlyle; not Barbara; she alone. Oh, the dreadful misery of the retrospect.

Lost in thought, in anguish past and present, in self-condemning repentance, the time passed on. Nearly an hour must have elapsed since Mr. Carlyle's departure, and William had not disturbed her. But—who was this, coming into the room? Joyce.

She hastily rose up, as Joyce, advancing with a quiet step, drew aside the clothes to look at William. "Master says he has been wanting me," she observed. "Why—oh!"

It was a sharp, momentary cry, subdued as soon as uttered. Madame Vine sprang forward to Joyce's side, looking also. The pale young face lay calm in its utter stillness; the busy little heart had ceased to beat. Jesus Christ had indeed come, and taken the fleeting spirit.

Then she lost all self-control. She believed that she had reconciled herself to the child's death, that she could part with him without too great emotion. But she had not anticipated it would be quite so soon; she had deemed that some hours more would at least be given him, and now the storm overwhelmed her. Crying, sobbing, calling, she flung herself upon him; she clasped him to her; she dashed off her disguising glasses; she laid her face upon his, beseeching him to come back to her, that she might say farewell—to her, his mother; her darling child, her lost William.

Joyce was terrified—terrified for consequences. With her full strength she pulled her from the boy, praying her to consider to be still. "Do not, do not, for the love of heaven! *My lady! my lady!*"

It was the old familiar title that struck her fears and induced calmness. She stared at Joyce, and retreated backward, after the manner of one reeling from some hideous vision. Then, as recollection came to her, she snatched her glasses up and hurried them on.

"My lady, let me take you into your room. Mr. Carlyle is come; he is just bringing up his wife. Only think if you should give way before him! Pray come away!"

"How did you know me?" she asked, in a hollow voice.

"My lady, it was that night when there was an alarm of fire. I went close up to you to take Master Archibald from your arms; and, as sure as I am now standing here, I believe that for the moment my senses left me. I thought I saw a spectre—the spectre of my dead lady. I forgot the present; I forgot all that was standing round me; that you, Madame Vine, were alive before me. Your face was not disguised then: the moonlight shone full upon it, and I knew it, after the first few moments of terror, to be, in dreadful truth, the *living* one of Lady Isabel. My lady, come away! We shall have Mr. Carlyle here."

Poor thing! She sank upon her knees, in her humility, her dread. "Oh, Joyce, have pity upon me! don't betray me! I will leave the house; indeed I will. Don't betray me while I am in it!

"My lady, you have nothing to fear from me. I have kept the secret buried within my breast since then. Last April! It has nearly been too much for me. By night and by day I have had no peace, dreading what might come out. Think of the awful confusion, the consequences, should it come to the knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. Indeed, my lady, you never ought to have come."

"Joyce," she said, hollowly, lifting her haggard face, "I could not keep away from my unhappy children. Is it no punishment to me, think you, the being here?" she added, vehemently, "To see him—my husband—the husband of another! It is killing me!"

"Oh, my lady, come away! I hear him; I hear him!"

Partly coaxing, partly dragging her, Joyce took her into her own room, and left her there. Mr. Carlyle was at that moment at the door of the sick one. Joyce sprang forward. Her face, in her emotion and fear, was one of livid whiteness, and she shook as William had shaken, poor child, in the afternoon. It was only too apparent in the well-lighted corridor.

"Joyce," he exclaimed, in amazement, "what ails you?"

"Sir! master!" she panted, "be prepared. Master William—Master William"——

"Joyce! Not *dead!*"

"Alas, yes, sir!"

Mr. Carlyle strode into the chamber. But, ere he was well across it, turned back to slid the bolt of the door. On the pillow lay the white, thin face, at rest now.

"My boy! my boy! Oh, God!" he murmured, in bowed reverence, "mayst Thou have received this child to rest in Jesus! Even as, I trust, Thou hast already received his unhappy mother!"

(*To be continued in our next.*)

FACING DEATH.

BY MAC.

The weather had been dirty for several days. As the heavens were obscured, no observation could be taken, and we had been obliged to sail by "dead-reckoning"—that is, we guessed our position from the log. Dead-reckoning is not a very satisfactory mode of ascertaining a vessel's position, and as the navigation of this part of our voyage was rather difficult, the poor captain was rather anxious. He and the officers were continually glancing heavenwards, to try to get a peep at the sun; but, as I have said, for days together there was nothing to be seen but heavy masses of clouds or banks of foggy drizzle. We steamed along, half-speed, a very strict look-out being kept. There was one wild rocky point which the skipper was very anxious to give as wide a berth as possible, and, to make sure of this, as he thought, he instructed the officers to make a great allowance in the steering. We should have made land by this time, but hitherto none had been sighted.

When I turned in for my watch below, the sea was getting up, and I noticed the captain and chief officer on the bridge, in very earnest consultation.

"There will be a gale blowing shortly," thought I, as I turned into my bunk, in order to snatch four hours' sleep, if possible.

I fell into a profound slumber as soon as I had put my head down. Just as four bells (2 A. M.) were being struck, I was hurriedly roused by the entrance of the chief engineer. His face was blanched with horror, and his tongue fastened, as he roused me up.

"Get up, Thompson! get up, for God's sake! We are going ashore, man, and there's an awful gale blowing, and the cursed thing is that there's something got loose in the engine—something down below out of sight—and if it is not tightened up at once, she will tear herself into bits."

"Why don't you stop her, then, and see what is wrong?" I asked, half angrily; "I have only had two hours below—that's four bells just gone."

"Stop her!" said the chief; "we can't! The engine must be kept going to hold her head to the sea, and keep way on her. We are drifting on a lee shore, in a gale, and if we turn broadside to the sea, or if the engine breaks down altogether, we'll be among the rocks and the foam in ten minutes."

I now sprang out of my bunk, and hastily dressed. While I was doing so, the chief explained the situation more fully. *Some one* must go down and put things to rights, or all would perish. The difficulties and dangers of the task consisted in the fact that it must be accomplished while the engine was going, and all the while the ship was tumbling and kicking about in a most desperate fashion. Then, again, the engines were "racing" every few minutes—*i. e.*, when the propeller was raised out of the water, the engine went at a terrific pace, owing to the resistance being removed. It was not pleasant to dive down into that hot hole among frantic machinery—the ship jumping and tumbling about—and nothing to grasp but hot, slippery, oily iron, or steel bars—nothing to tread on but slippery iron gratings.

The chief was too old and stiff to go down; besides, as he remarked, he had a wife and children, etc., etc. He also remarked that I was not in that position. Further, he stated that I knew well enough that the third engineer had been ill for days, and now the fourth (who was a new hand) was either afraid or sea-sick—he said the latter.

Would *I* go down?

That was the question.

I thought of the bonnie lassie who had put her arms tenderly round my neck and kissed me when I said good-bye; I recalled the tearful, tender glance of her loving blue eyes, and the tone of her sweet, thrilling voice, as she said:

"Oh, Willie, take good care of yourself for my sake!"

Then I thought of my being hashed and mangled among the machinery below.

That girl was my betrothed wife, and her father had promised to bless our union when I was a chief engineer—*but not till then.* Jeanie and I knew him to be a man of his word, and Jeanie was a dutiful and obedient daughter; and so we waited and hoped.

The chief seemed to guess what was passing in my mind, for he held out his hand, and said:

"If you manage this job, Willie, I'll back out—I've saved enough now—I'm tired of going to sea—and you'll be chief engineer next voyage. There is my hand on it."

I grasped his hand—I knew that I was sure of the first vacancy that occurred, and I knew also that old Craigton would keep his promise.

I braced myself up, but still I felt a chill run through me, and my heart throbbed in my throat for a minute.

But I felt as if this were my chance to obtain possession of Jeanie. It was the old feeling of chivalry—doing a daring deed for a woman's sake.

I stood on deck for a minute or two. The screaming blast of wind and the heavy clouds of spray acted like tonics. I soon gained complete self-possession, and descended to my desperate work. Old Craigton stood by to choke off the steam when the engine began to race.

Down I went—down into that hole where I had even less mercy to expect than in a lion's den. Taking my life into my hand, I descended to the depths—with the vision of a fair woman before me.

Soon I was in the midst of the turmoil—slipping, grasping, gasping, panting, perspiring at every pore. Sometimes my head began to reel, but by a strong effort I steadied myself. The whole thing was like a hideous nightmare.

A few minutes sufficed to enable me to detect the mischief—and I saw at once that it *could* be remedied, and also that it was quite time that it should be. A few minutes more, and the nut would have been off altogether, and the engine would then have torn herself to pieces in two strokes. Bracing all my energies, I succeeded in applying my screw-key again and again. It required great quickness of hand to seize the second of time in which a turn could be given. I now found the value of my Clyde training. On the Clyde, an engineer is taught all about the parts of an engine—he learns to do all that requires to be done in case of break-down. I now felt the value of this broad engineering education.

At length I succeeded in making all tight—just as my head began to swim, and my sight began to grow indistinct. How I managed to climb and scramble up again I scarcely know. Old Craigton and one of the firemen hauled me up part of the way by catching hold of my coat-collar. When I got on deck, I fainted and fell.

But now the engine could be worked firmly, and we were *saved*.

I did not do much more work during that voyage. I was utterly exhausted; my nerves were quite unstrung. But I got my reward.

When we came into port the passengers gave me a dinner and presented me with a watch, and I was feasted and flattered till my head was nearly turned. The chief and the captain spoke well for me, and I was appointed chief engineer to a new steamer which the company had just launched.

I would not tell you all that we said and looked when we met—no, not for the world, for Jeanie then would never forgive me.

Well, I'll say this. When I clasped her in my arms, and felt her arms tightening round me, and when I felt her hot tears—well, well! Jeanie, I'll say no more.

We were made man and wife when I came home from my first voyage as chief; and in a few years the company gave me a good post on shore, with a snug salary.

So I'll go to sea no more.

And these are the banns, two laddies and three lassies.

HUNTING WITH THE LASSO.

Some years ago the captain of an American frigate, bound for San Francisco, determined to make the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The captain had, it appears, by constant practice on board the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able, at twenty or thirty paces, to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill that, on his arrival upon the coast of California, he employed a guide; and, mounted upon a well-trained horse, with his lasso properly coiled and ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of hanging a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrific aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with the firm determination to capture a grizzly, in direct opposition to the advice of his guide, he resolved to show him that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly, he seized his lasso, and riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noose directly around the bear's neck at the very first cast; but the animal, instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he had anticipated, very deliberately sat upon his haunches, facing his adversary, and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it; he felt with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it was something he could not comprehend.

In the mean time, the officer turned his horse in the opposite direction, and commenced applying the rowels to his side most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the animal to death, and drag him off in triumph; but, to his astonishment, the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance. The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so much that he soon became enraged, and gave the rope several violent slaps, first with one paw and then with the other; but, finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws, and commenced pulling it in, hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached to the opposite extremity. The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spurs, but it was of no avail—he had evidently "caught a Tartar;" and in spite of all efforts of his horse, he backed rather than advanced.

In this intensely-exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and, to his horror, found himself steadily backing towards the frightful monster, who sat up with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending forth the most terrible and deep-toned roars. He now for the first time felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to the rescue. The latter responded promptly, rode up, cut the lasso, and extricated the amateur huntsman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to the inquiry of his guide as to whether he desired to continue the hunt, he said that it was getting so late that he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day.

"NOT LONG."

BY ELSIE M.

'Tis hard sometimes to be patient,
To suffer and still be strong—
To sing, when the "old life's shadows" stay,
Hope's beautiful morning song!
E'en though an angel whisper us,
"Not long, poor soul! not long!"

"Not long till the clouds be rifted,
Till the shadows pass away;
Not long till the sun shall shine again,
On a happier, brighter day—
Till the arm be rendered powerless,
Now lifted but to slay!"

'Tis hard for us all to carry
While journeying up and down
Life's hills and vales, the heavy cross,
Who rather would wear the crown—
To look for the smiles of a grateful world,
And get but its thankless frown!

Let us take up the angel's whisper,
Let us echo the heavenly song;
Though our cup of joy and peace and love
Be mingled with ill and wrong,
Soon shall we "know as we are known;"
"Not long, poor soul! not long!"

AGNES.

BY WILLIAM VINCENT.

I had gone through fire to save her. To do that, I needed no other incentive than a woman's cry for help. But when I had borne her safely from the burning wreck, and had seen the full glory of her beauty, all seared and blistered as I was, I would have braved the perils of a pathway sevenfold more fiery, to keep and call my own a treasure so precious.

It was one of those fearful railroad collisions, in which a tremendous shock and crash, followed by bursting flames and shrieks of agony and terror, are all the mind has time to note; nor is much more ever known about them beyond the names of the killed and wounded, and the fact that nobody was to blame.

My charge had fainted in my arms when an elderly gentleman, one of the fortunate few who had escaped unhurt, rushed excitedly to the spot, and relieved me of my burden.

"Agnes! dearest Agnes!" he wildly exclaimed, kissing her inanimate features in an ecstasy of grief, which changed to one of joy as she revived and assured him of her perfect safety.

The elderly gentleman was the rich Mr. Claremont. I knew him by sight, but not otherwise. He had lately, rumor said, married a young and beautiful wife, whose father he was old enough to be. It was doubtless his charming wife whose life I had just saved. My romantic dreams—for I had had time to dream such, short as was the interval—were dissipated into thin air. I certainly bore the old gentleman no ill-will; but had his name appeared in the list of killed or mortally wounded the next morning, I think I could have summoned fortitude enough to stand it.

"Accept my most heartfelt thanks, sir," said Mr. Claremont, warmly pressing my hand. "You have placed me under an obligation I can never repay. But this is not the time or the place for words. Hereafter, under my own roof, where I expect to see you a frequent guest, I hope to make more fitting acknowledgment of the debt I owe to the preserver of my——"

But there was enough for those to do who were not disabled, in affording succor to those who were; and Mr. Claremont, leaving his speech unfinished, hastened to offer his services where they were most needed. I felt it my duty to do likewise, and soon we were both busy ministering, as best we could, to the wants of those who had been less fortunate than ourselves.

Before we parted, Mr. Claremont took my name and address, and exacted from me a promise to pay him a visit shortly. I could not help wondering if he would have been quite as cordial had he known the exact state of my mind at that moment. If he *had* known it, and had nevertheless pressed his invitation with the same urgency, he would certainly have deserved the commendation due to "one not easily jealous."

It was many weeks before I could decide to trust myself in the presence of her who had so completely led me captive. It was very wicked, I knew, to entertain the feelings I did. Had I known she was another's wife at the time I bore her, sheltered in my arms, through flame and smoke, a timely remembrance of what is said in the catechism against "coveting" might have put me on my guard; but I didn't know it until some minutes afterwards, and it was *then* too late.

Mr. Claremont was absent when I called; but Agnes—for so I ventured to call her to myself—was there to receive me. She did it graciously, and with a rosy flush on her face, which made me feel how sorely I had overtasked my strength in venturing once more within the sphere of her dazzling and dangerous beauty.

I had resolved once again to feast my eyes on her surpassing loveliness, and then, flying to some distant land, to spend the rest of my days in secret adoration of the idol I was forbidden openly to worship. No one—least of all she—should ever know the pangs I suffered. But alas, for good intentions!

"I have not before had an opportunity to thank you for saving my life," said Agnes, after we were seated, accompanying the words with a look which I would have thought cheaply purchased with my own life ten times over.

"The act was its own recompense," I stammered, with a vague apprehension that I might as well have followed copy and said, "Virtue is its own reward."

We were both silent for some moments.

"Being on the eve of leaving the country," I mustered courage to say, "I have taken the liberty—that is, I have done myself the honor——"

"Shall you be long absent?" she inquired, coming to my relief.

"I expect never to return!" I answered, dolefully.

She looked shocked, I thought, and turned pale.

"I am sorry," at length she said, with a perceptible quiver in her voice; "we had counted on seeing so much of you, and the disappointment is so unexpected."

The tender glance with which she spoke these words, the half-formed tear that glistened in her eye, and the tremulous music of her tones, were too much for my bewildered senses. I became desperate. I would tell her all, and fly—fly from her, from myself, from everything but the despair of my hopeless passion!

"Agnes!" I exclaimed, throwing myself at her feet, and clasping her hand, "I love you dearly, madly! The fervor of my passion is consuming my very life. I know it is hopeless, but——"

What could be the meaning of the blushes that mounted to the very roots of her hair, and of the gentle pressure with which her trembling hand returned that of my own? Was it that, instead of being spurned, my unworthy avowal had met with a kindred one in her own breast? Would she fly with me? for, in my frenzy, I was now prepared even for *that.*

I was recalled from my rhapsody by Agnes starting up in confusion; and, looking about, I saw Mr. Claremont, whose entrance we had both been too much occupied to observe, standing supervising the scene with a smile that proved him at once the most hospitable of hosts and complaisant of husbands.

"I fear my intrusion is a little inopportune," he remarked, with a quizzical look.

"Mr. Vincent has called to bid us good-bye, father," said Agnes, "before leaving the country."

"*Father?*" I exclaimed, in perfect bewilderment; "you—you don't mean to tell me *he* is your *father?*"

"Why, what else should I be?" was the question with which Mr. Claremont took it upon himself to answer my own. "But I'm afraid," he continued, "you hadn't done saying 'good-bye;' so I'll leave you to finish it;" whereupon he withdrew.

Well, I *didn't* finish saying it. The fact is, I suddenly discovered there was no necessity at all for going away. What I *did* say to Agnes, and what *she* said in return, is nobody's business but our own. Suffice it to say, it was perfectly satisfactory on both sides.

I mustn't forget to say that Mrs. Claremont, to whom I was introduced in due form, was a very comely and agreeable lady, quite eligible as a step-mother, but, in point of personal attractions, of course not to be compared with Agnes.

A REMINDER.

BY ELLEN WHEELER.

Is there anything in this world more aggravating, I wonder, than being a *reminder?* You don't know what I mean, probably, but I will endeavor to explain myself.

It is always my fate, whenever I meet a stranger, to remind him, or her, of somebody. After a fifteen minutes' chat, I am always informed that I bear a striking resemblance to a certain lady.

"How very much you resemble my cousin!"—"You remind me forcibly of my sister."—"You seem *so much* like a friend of mine."—"You are remarkably like one of my acquaintances."—"I wonder if you are related to Miss Smith? You seem so much like her, I think you must be," have become familiar phrases to my ears. I have become in a measure resigned, and should really feel disappointed if I were to meet a stranger who failed to say something of the kind.

And yet it is aggravating, as I said before, to be a reminder. Everybody considers it so, I believe; but when I come to think of it dispassionately, I wonder why they should. There is always a chance that the stranger friend, sister, cousin, acquaintance, or Miss Smith, may be enchanting, lovely, agreeable, and charming, and that it is a high compliment which we have received. We ought to give ourselves the benefit of the doubt. I used to, but experience has deprived me of that pleasure even. It has been my lot, on several occasions, to meet with some of these sisters, cousins, friends, acquaintances, or Miss Smiths, to whom I bore so striking a resemblance; and I have always found them, without exception, to be perfect frights in personal appearance. And I had the pleasure of seeing a lady once, whose manners and actions were said to be *so like mine*, and I found her to be the most hateful and disagreeable mortal that had ever crossed my path.

Consequently, I do not indulge in any pleasant flights of fancy in regard to the friend, sister, cousin, acquaintance, or Miss Smith, whom I am said to resemble now-a-days. I immediately know what style the friend, sister, etc., is, and merely offer up a silent prayer, asking that I may be spared the humiliation of seeing her.

Last winter, while walking in the street, my hands in my muff, my eyes on the pavement, I found my pathway obstructed by the figure of a good-sized gentleman. I looked up into a rather handsome face, just now wreathed in smiles. He looked down into my face with an expression which spoke volumes.

"Why, how do you do?" he exclaimed, lifting his hat and beaming down upon me with delighted eyes. "Where are you stopping now?"

I suppose my countenance expressed blank astonishment, as I stared and responded:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I do not know the gentleman who is addressing me."

The expression must have been contagious, for the beaming light died out of his eyes, and he began to stare. He rubbed his forehead, as he said, slowly:

"Excuse me—but I thought—are you—really are you not Miss Fitzgerald?"

"No," I said; "I am Miss Wheeler," and was about to pass on, when he looked at me in blank wonder, and ejaculated helplessly:

"But I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald."

I bit my lip to repress a smile, and walked on. I glanced over my shoulder once, and saw that he was still standing where I left him, gazing at my retreating figure, and, as I imagined, repeating:

"I thought it was Miss Fitzgerald."

I immediately drew a fancy sketch of Miss Fitzgerald, and painted her like unto the friends, sisters, cousins, acquaintances, and Miss Smiths, whom I had already seen.

FORGET ME NOT.

We suspect there are few of our readers who will not be interested in hearing the pretty incident which originated the name of the beautiful little flower, the forget-me-not. The exquisite flower of memory, with its blue, like the tint of the summer heavens, and its golden eye, bright as the eye of Hope itself, is consecrated not alone to the reminiscences of love, but also to those of home and friendship.

The field forget-me-not, or *myosotis arvensis*, is often assumed as the token-flower; but the true one is the water forget-me-not, *myosotis palustris*, whose flower is rather larger and more intensely blue than that of its sister of the fields. The legendary origin of its name proves the claim of the aquatic species to be the real blossom of remembrance.

A German knight and his lady-love were walking on the banks of a stream, when the fair one saw a beautiful tuft of the *myosotis palustris* growing in the water, and expressed a wish to have it. The knight, with due chivalrous alacrity, plunged at once into the river in all his array, and gathered his prize; but before he could again climb up the steep and slippery bank, he was drawn by a treacherous eddy into a deep pool, and, encumbered as he was with his heavy armor and helmet, finding he could not save himself, just as he sank forever he threw the flowers ashore to his mistress, and uttered with his last breath, "Vergiss mein nicht!"—forget me not!

REAL happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly are we in the habit of paying for its counterfeit!

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ACROSS AMERICA; OR, THE GREAT WEST AND PACIFIC COAST. By General JAMES F. RUSLING. One vol. large 12mo, handsomely illustrated. Many places on the Pacific coast are described which will doubtless be new and of much interest to many readers. Sheldon & Co., New York. Received from J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, Philadelphia.

TEMPEST TOSSED, THEODORE TILTON'S new novel, is a tale of the sea, with elaborately constructed plot and many exciting incidents. Sheldon & Co., New York. Received from J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

We have received from Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, publishers, 624, 626 and 628 Market street, Philadelphia, the following new publications:

DAVID CROCKETT. His Life and Adventures. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. Dodd & Mead, 726 Broadway, New York.

WILKES, SHERIDAN, AND FOX. The Opposition under George the Third. By W. F. RAE. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE GREAT ICE-AGE, and Its Relation to the Antiquity of Man. By JAMES GEIKIE, F. R. S. E. F. G. S. With Maps and Illustrations. Appleton & Co., New York.

FETICH IN THEOLOGY; or, Doctrinalism in Ritualism. By JOHN MILLER, Princeton, N. J. Dodd & Mead, New York.

PRAYER AND THE PRAYER GAUGE. By Rev. MARK HOPKINS, D. D. Dodd & Mead, New York.

KATE KENNEDY. A Novel. By Mrs. C. J. NEWBY. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

FLIRTING.

Flirt—no one of our English dictionaries suggests a derivation for this word which seems to us acceptable. Richardson suggests that it may be from fleer, "to flee, avoid, escape from;" fleer, fleered, flirt; but this is unsatisfactory, at least as regards the modern acceptation of the term, in the sense of coquetting, and its accompaniment of pretty speeches. The French have an idiom which expresses the same idea, and seems to be the probable origin of our own term. A gentleman, in paying his court to a lady, is said *conter fleurettes;* and of a lady, receiving his attention, it is said, *elle aime la fleurette.*

Bischerelle, besides its ordinary signification of a "little flower," explains *fleurette* to mean *jolie chose, que dit à une femme amiable l'homme que veut lui plaire* ("A pretty thing, which a man, wishing to please a lady, says to her.")

Whatever be its meaning, in French, Latin, or Greek, its English has driven many men distracted, and it is high time to make war upon and extract its poison before its ravages go further. The quality is a component part of both sexes; men often use it cruelly, triumphantly. Some women only use the light artillery of coquetry to attract general admiration. The pride and vanity of others sharpen and enlarge the pleasant amusement, until its ravages on character and the affections often deepen into tragedies. It has held its sway for many years, even since the days of old Addison, who must have been a victim when he exclaimed: "In the unfurling of the fan are several little flirts and vibrations."

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Saturday Evening, June 27, 1874.

LOW SPIRITS.

A distinguished lexicographer after defining blue—"one of the seven original colors"—gives a second definition, to wit: "low spirits; contracted from blue-devils—a cant phrase for dejection." Now blue is the color of gladness, and one would suppose that the melancholy mind would naturally "be of the darkest color," and yet the association is quite in keeping, for the men who feel the "blues" deepest and suffer the most from low spirits are naturally the most joyful and humorous people. They have a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the natural accompaniment thereof is a quick sensibility to the sorrowful.

"Tears and laughter closely are allied,
And their partitions do their bounds divide."

That is the law of compensation, the swing of the pendulum; the higher you ascend in your joy, the lower you are cast down in your sorrow. Perhaps the reason why persons of great humor and excessive lightness of heart are saddened and oppressed by periods of gloom—have "fits of the blues"—is that otherwise they would have no proper pity or sympathy for their less fortunate and suffering neighbors, and could not, indeed, understand the sad side of human nature, for the eye never sees so clearly as when dimmed by a tear.

Many are the causes which produce low spirits. Primarily, ill health will eat away the brightness of a man's spirit as well and as surely as the strength of his body; suffering and mental gloominess are old acquaintances—they hunt in couples. Bitter memorials of old sins, feelings of remorse for broken ties, and rash follies, often fill the mind with foreboding. Failures in business, loss of property, hard times, or the fear of them—these bring on the dark days, and there is sure to come with them their unpleasant shadow, "the blues." Unrequited love: we sometimes laugh at the woe-begone appearance of a youth who, "having all the world before him," yet goes about sighing like a furnace. It seems very ridiculous, very absurd and laughable; but it is no laughing matter to the victim. Let us remember, however, that "lamentations awake not the dead," and whatever the cause be, whether amusing as that of the disappointed lover, or more serious, earnest and real, as the loss of reputation, friends or prosperity, we are all, to a greater or less extent, victims of "the blues," and should strive to keep off low spirits and an overpowering sadness, remembering that there *are* those who love us, and that this beautiful world is not *all* desolate.

ICELAND.

BY H. P.

When we look on the map of Europe and see the island of Iceland—a truly significant name—just outside of the Polar circle, we wonder that any people can be found willing to remain in so bleak and inclement a spot, when the earth offers so many friendly climates and fertile soils for human habitation.

Perhaps, in order to satisfy our curiosity, we open our books to see what hidden charm this island of ice possesses, that thus chains its inhabitants to its frigid side; but we find none. On the contrary, as if the danger of being frozen stiff was not sufficient, Iceland adds to it the chances of being overwhelmed with earthquakes, buried in lava, burnt up with volcanic fires, and scalded to death in vast springs of boiling water. All the dangers to which men are liable are concentrated in Iceland, without any of the advantages which recompense the inhabitants of other portions of the earth. A Neapolitan or Sicilian may be in danger from Ætna or Vesuvius, but he has a delightful climate, and a fruitful soil to console him while he is allowed to live. The Esquimaux are in continual peril of freezing and of starvation; but volcanoes and earthquakes strike no fear to their hearts. But Iceland combines all the disadvantages that can arise from living on a globe of fluid fire and Polar snows. And yet, we are told, its people love to live there, and grow home-sick when absent. Truly, human nature is a curious thing, and great is the power of habit.

For three centuries Iceland was the abode of a highly-cultivated people, who contrasted very favorably with the better classes of continental Europe; and, strange to say, they were especially fond of poetry, and their descendants are so to this day. They had a kind of independent republic also, with a President, which lasted for three centuries—three times as long as ours has yet lasted. Only as the result of war, did the government pass into the hands of Norway, and then of Denmark.

But it is fair to say that the Iceland of old times, centuries ago, was not so bleak and inclement a place as it is now. At that time, when Greenland got its verdant name, before the wall of ice had settled along its coast, it is said that corn would grow in Iceland. About the beginning of the fifteenth century the change in the climate began, and towards the close of that century, a pestilence carried off nearly two-thirds of the population. To add to these misfortunes, pirates desolated their coasts, killing and burning, and carrying off the inhabitants to be sold as slaves. Even two centuries later we read of these piracies, the marauders being French, English and Algerines. Then, in the eighteenth century, there was another pestilence—the small-pox—which swept off 16,000 persons; and, to add to this, from the unusual inclemency of the winters for six years, a famine, in which 10,000 perished; then the small-pox again, with 10,000 more deaths; and in 1783 a most terrible volcanic eruption, with earthquake and streams of lava, showers of ashes and stones, with frightful noises, and a thick cloud of smoke which enveloped everything for nearly a whole year.

And yet people kept on living in Iceland!

The Icelanders are and were a moral and virtuous as well as intelligent people. They were Christians, too, and pious, and while we hardly can expect the laws of nature to be overruled in such cases, so that volcanoes will not belch forth their subterranean fires, and north winds freeze; still we do wonder that some good man was not inspired to lead forth his people from a bondage to the elements, which seems to us worse than that of Egypt.

As to the pestilence, travelers say now that warmth is the sole thing sought after in an Icelander's dwelling, and that ventilation is not even thought of, so that a fit atmosphere is prepared for the growth and spread of virulent diseases. And the Icelanders, even to this day, are not scientific. Poetry, and the languages, and history, are their delight, and they have ample time for these, in the long winter evenings, when little work can be done. Perhaps it is these long evenings which cause the natives to love Iceland.

When the moral conflict between Heathenism and the new religion, Christianity, was raging in Iceland, about the year 1000, the National Assembly met to consider the matter. While the Assembly was in session, debating the proposition to establish the religion of Christ in place of that of Odin, a messenger sprung into the room, announcing that fire had burst from the earth in the northern portion of the island, and was carrying destruction before its flaming wrath. "It is the vengeance of the offended gods!" cried the party of Odin. But Snorro, the Christian leader, pointed to the marks of volcanic fire all around their place of meeting, and said, "What reason had your gods for anger when *these* rocks were burning?" This turned the scale again in favor of the Christians, the debate went on, and Christianity became the established religion of Iceland.

One curious custom they have in this curious land of ice and volcanoes, which I do not remember to have read of in any other portion of the world: Every farmer or householder is obliged by law to receive and support his own destitute relations. The expense thus incurred amounts often to twenty or thirty times the sum of his public taxes, when he is sensitive as to receiving those relatives into his family. Even this custom, however, does not drive the Icelander from his native soil, which I think is about the strongest proof I have given yet of the love of country of this singular people. An Ice-land with volcanoes, earthquakes, and poor relations—surely Iceland may take the prize over all other countries for combining all the disadvantages!

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

BY S. A. N.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?"

Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked towards the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and was book-keeper to Mr. Solomon Wardle. It was Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

"Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah, Clarence!"

"I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I have no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown to a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; then another look; the voice rose higher; reason was unhinged; passion gained sway; and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house, and caught a sign of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more:—he thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?"

The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and after a brief pause he answered:—"Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice; "you love your wife?"

"Love her? Yes; passionately."

"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"I don't *think* anything about it—I *know!*"

"You *know* she loves you?"

"Yes."

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at heart?"

"Of course not."

"It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?"

A moment's hesitation, and then—"Yes, yes; I am heartily sorry."

"Now, mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly:—Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"

"Yes—I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Mr. Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he murmured an affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there?"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Aye—you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And so you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long as she can!' Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant; "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden. By-and-by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife fails first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keenest and most sensitive. The husband, in such case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers, until his wife is forced to let the sunlight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, and he felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to his mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts; and after a time he arose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be; and, with this thought, you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms round your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Or, do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect and esteem you less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!"

* * * * * *

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the bed-chamber, and had sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes—her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her; and he said to her, in broken accents, "Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear!"

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom, and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the whole burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," said he, "that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we will be happy?"

"Always!"

* * * * * *

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eye, and in his joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me."

"And it serves you yet, my boy?"

"Aye; and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come, as in the other days—for we are but human, you know—but the heart, which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding-place to the ill-feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish: but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

BEWARE!

BY M. E. S.

I know a youth who can flirt and flatter—
Take care!
He loves with the ladies to gossip and chatter—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!

He has a voice of varying tone—
Take care!
It echoes many, beside thine own—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!

He has a hand that is soft and white—
Take care!
It pressed another than thine last night—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!

His letters are glowing with love, I ween—
Take care!
One-half that he writes he does not mean—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!

He talks of truth, and of deep devotion—
Take care!
Of loving truly he has no notion—
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!

Your heart he will gain with his dangerous wiles—
Take care!
Of his whispered words, and his sighs, and his smiles,
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
He is fooling thee!

NEW GARMENTS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

In these gala days of the year, when the earth, like a matron renewing her youth at some fabled fountain, puts on fresh robes and decks herself in brighter color, we begin to *think*. Not *always* of last year's robe and mantle folded away in a drawer with bags of sweet scented stuffs, nor of that crown of womanly delights—a bonnet—which may perhaps be remodelled to suit the prevailing fashion; *not* always of the outside adornments which look so fresh and pretty when the owner's face is fresh and pretty also; but of fairer robes and more beautiful garments which Dame Fashion cannot change to suit her own capricious taste.

There are new garments that we all look at with indifference, no matter how rare or costly the material; if the wearer's face be dull with disappointed vanity, or limned with lines of haughtiness or of ill-will to her neighbor, or darkened a shade by deceit, or overgrown with craftiness, or inlaid with mock modesty; what difference does it make to us what kind of garment she trails through the dust of the world's ways? But women with sweet faces, all aglow with modesty and kind thoughts, and tender impulses breaking through; with lofty desires shining on their white foreheads, where God seems to have set His seal; with virgin graces, like fair flowers, shedding their fragrance round and about them; at such faces we *do* care to look and at the garments which enfold them.

One may wear the simple Quaker garb of gray, with the close bonnet shutting in the face too sweet to be subjected to the world's rude stare; another may wear a simpler dress still, with patches here and there to tell of the hour of toil and weariness; at both we look with pleasure, because of the fairer fancies they bring us; of the brighter thought of new garments which never grow old.

One never looks with entire indifference at a group of little children. Each little face and form is a picture to be filled in by imagination.

Their garments to-day are of every hue and shade; this merry girl, that laughing boy; this child that stands shy in the sunshine, that one that wakes the shadowy silence with a shout; faces cold and sullen, faces angry and passionate; eyes full of hope, eyes downcast with fear; faces like flowers that bloom in home gardens; faces that seem already to have lost the freshness of childhood and to have put on the mask of an older life; are not their garments of every color and tinge *to-day?* But what new garments will they put on?

When to-morrow comes, when a new month comes in, when a year goes round, what new garments will these children wear?

One must wear a faded gown, perhaps, but over it may fall the shining hem of charity; it may be girdled with prudence and simplicity, and adorned with the jewel of good sense. Will not such a robe out-last a dozen glittering fashions of to-day?

Will it not grow better and brighter the longer it is worn? Will it not enhance the loveliness of the wearer day by day? Will not *such* new garments fit us all for the "white robe" by and by?

TALK ABOUT HOME.

BY AUNT JANE.

After all, when one comes to think of it, there are not many homes. There are, of course, innumerable places which go by the name of homes, called so for a want of a better designation, or because everybody calls the place where he eats and sleeps "home;" but when you come down to the real and sober fact, homes are comparatively scarce.

A home is a refuge-place from the storms, the fret and worry of life. It is a place where the husband comes as to a sanctuary, where smiles and loving words answer his smiles and loving greetings. It is a place where the wife reigns in her benignity and grace; not, it may be, the grace of outward beauty or cultivation, but of true womanhood, where she receives honor and love even as she gives them both. It is a place where children are happier than anywhere else in the world, because there are the cheeriest words, the brightest looks and the kindest acts. Such are not the majority of homes as we find them.

How does it happen that when you see a real home, a light pleasant spot where every one seems to be happy; where if husband and wife have misunderstandings, no one ever knows it; where children seem to be helpful of one another; where laughter and smiles are perpetual guests, why does it strike one as peculiar and noticeable? Simply because there are so few of them.

I will not ask you to think of your own home. Let us indulge in the luxury of talking about our neighbors. There is Mr. Smith's house. What are your ideas about his home? You see him go in at nightfall, looking used up by the wear of the day, and you see him come out of it in the morning as if there had been wear and tear all night. Did you ever see Smith's wife come to the door and stand watching him, and waving a smile to him as he went away?—Not exactly! Did you ever see Smith's boys run down the street to get hold of his hand? Possibly you have seen them suddenly disappear as he came in sight.

If you could step in with Mr. Smith, and be there an invisible presence, I don't believe you would be wholly charmed with the look of things. Possibly the first words of Mr. Smith are directed indefinitely, "What's all this noise about? I don't see why these children are always kicking up such a row." The said children take the hint and move out of the way, not thinking—for which they are pardonable—to say "Good evening" to their father. He soon "settles" them. The family sit down to the evening meal. Mr. Smith feels tired, and don't care to talk. The children have something to say, but they learnt long ago that "father" does not care to be bothered with their tales of school, nor to be asked questions about kites and balls. He has forgotten all he ever knew about them, or, indeed, that he ever had them. They, sensibly enough, keep still. On the whole, they have, if not a bad, a very stupid time of it. The family is a company of animals, who feed, and leave when they have had enough.

If the children can get out, they go. Mr. Smith finds occasion to stroll out; or, if staying at home is his choice, he takes a newspaper to read, or dozes over it, while Mrs. Smith keeps the children from quarrelling. They do not know precisely what to do with themselves; so they mope about, and are glad to go to bed, though they don't want to go, except to escape the dullness.

Now, this is not a beautiful picture, but is it a very uncommon one? An honest confession would tell of more homes of that sort than of better ones. Are they real homes?

DAILY LIFE.

BY LAURA SHARP.

Is our daily life what it ought to be—what it might be? Do we not allow petty vexations and trivial things to sour our temper and darken our brow—the impulses of nature to get the better of us? That impatient word just now; you were fretted, but did it make you feel any more pleasant? Those light and trifling thoughts; they have gone to give their account against you. That witticism at another's expense; you meant no harm, but was it, after all, quite right, and doing just as you would be done by? That supercilious glance; in that awkward form dwells a most beautiful soul. That sarcastic reply; you wounded another's feelings very deeply; could not you have repressed it, though the question seemed foolish and absurd? That quibble; you would have been blamed, but could you not have endured it?

Oh, that any one should ever do anything that conscience amote them for; that they should feel obliged to apologize to themselves for doing!

That was a noble reply of a little boy when asked to do anything which he was told nobody would ever know—"But I should know it myself."

And then the words that are unspoken, the opportunities neglected which might be productive of so much good. How much evil we do when we might do good! How much reproach we bring upon ourselves by our inconsistencies! How little we practice what we preach! How little we do unto others what we would that they should do unto us! How selfish we are, and ready to listen to the promptings of self-interest! How we permit little jealousies and animosities to rankle in our heart, and pride, vain and impotent, to fill it! How little of charity do we feel for an erring brother or sister, as if we never erred ourselves! How imperfect and incongruous are our lives!

And yet we might make of life a most beautiful thing; but it must be our daily life that will do it.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land."

So loving words and deeds of kindness, tender sympathies and gentle ministrations, constantly and daily expressed, will make our lives majestic.

Did you never see those that have seemed the very embodiment of goodness, in whose presence there was an attraction irresistible, magical? They have seemed to you like an oasis in a dreary desert-land, like green and fertile spots in a barren waste. You have sighed to be like them, as good and beautiful. You can be, if you will only make the endeavor; you can adorn your soul with such grace; you can make your life so attractive that you will carry with you, wherever you go, the charm most potent.

To many, daily life seems dull and prosaic; but there are passages in it of surpassing loveliness. Did you reply kindly, just now, when spoken harshly to? Did you receive that bitter upbraiding meekly and silently? It was a beautiful thing. Did you deny yourself that others might be made happier thereby? It was laying up treasures for heaven. Did you speak words of sympathy and hopeful cheer to that poor and despondent soul? God will remember and reward you. Did you lighten the burden of that weary brother or sister? There shall assistance come down to you from above when you are "weary and heavy laden."

Would that we treasured these opportunities of doing good, and prized them more highly, for they are jewels with which we may adorn our souls with richest grace—goblets from which we may quaff the delicious waters of happiness.

When you have striven earnestly, and felt at its close that the day had been made better by these strivings; when you have overcome some mighty temptation; when you have accomplished something for the good of those around you, what a flood of happiness has filled your soul to overflowing! And in the still watches of the night, as we live over in thought the short-comings of the day, we promise, earnestly and with tears, that we will do differently.

Let us strive to live that our "life's little acts shall have no remorseful shadows hanging over them." Life will then have a new meaning for us; it will become a reality to us, for only as we grow nobler and better do we really live; only as the heart advances in that which is good do the spirit's chariot wheels move on towards the celestial city.

TWO KINDS.

There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is the kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right modification would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

TRUTH is simple, requiring neither study nor art.

NEWS OF INTEREST

PASIGRAPHY is the name of a new system of writing by numbers, which, it is asserted, may be used universally, and thus obviate the difficulty of communication between nations of different languages. It is expected to cut quite a figure.

THE proprietor of a hotel in Havana offers special attractions to Americans. He announces: "In this establishment set as the European style, receives lodgers which will find an splendid assistance so in eating as in habitation, therefore the master count with the elements necessary."

HOT lemonade is one of the best remedies in the world for a cold. It acts promptly and effectively, and has no unpleasant after effects. One lemon, properly squeezed, cut in slices, put with half a pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself on the following day. This remedy will ward off an attack of the chills and fever if used promptly.

A VERY pleasant perfume, and also a preventive against moths, may be made of the following ingredients: Take of cloves, carraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and tonquin beans, each one ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole to a fine powder, put it in silk, cotton-filled bags, and place among clothes, and so forth.

THE coolest larceny on record recently took place in San Francisco. A young man from the country was riding in a street car, when a man next to him informed him that the back of his coat was dirty, and kindly offered to brush it off for him if he would take it off. He handed his coat to the accommodating man, and the latter coolly put it under his arm and left with it.

THERE are three hundred different sects in England, and seven sprung up during the past year, viz.: the Congregational Temperance Free Church, the Hope Missions, the New Methodists, the Protestant Union, the Union Christians, the Unsectarians, and the Christian Dolphins. The last hold that none out of their society can be saved, and but few in it, and that there is no difference between their souls and that of animals.

THE Doomsday Book of Scotland, just presented to Parliament, shows that, within a fraction, half the whole extent of Scotland is held by one hundred land-owners, every one of whom owns more than 20,000 acres. There are fifty-two persons among these who own more than 50,000 acres each. The Duke of Sutherland stands at the head of the list, having a domain of 1,170,3-43 acres. The area of their combined property is greater than that of any county in England, except Yorkshire and Lincolnshire.

Now we know all about it. An enormously learned climatologist tells the world, in Galignani, how our incipient summer got nipped in the bud, thusly: "The chilliness is due to the fact that the earth passes behind a ring of asteroids, which absorb a portion of the sun's warmth due to us while it remains above the horizon. The temperature will not resume its ascensional movement until the annual rotation shall have carried our sphere from the shadow of the multitude of small planets which is always projected on the same point of our orb."

A medical correspondent of an English journal says that the advantages of asparagus are not sufficiently estimated by those who suffer with rheumatism and gout. Slight cases of rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on this delicious esculent, and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient avoids all acids, whether in food or beverage. The Jerusalem artichoke has also a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. The heads may be eaten in the usual way, but tea made from the leaves of the stalk, and drank three or four times a day is a certain remedy, though not equally agreeable.

THEY have rather a grim joke on a member of a foreign Pharmaceutical Society who, while preparing a lecture on edible and noxious fungi, swallowed a quantity of Giant Puff-ball, and in consequence was sick in bed nine days with three physicians to bring him through and thus unable to instruct the people as to what are and what are not proper mushrooms for consumption. He will probably be sure to tell them in his deferred talk that on the whole it is safer to let the *Lycoperdon giganteum*, or "devil's snuff-box" alone, unless he is pretty certain that its spores are not over-ripe.

NEW YORK city is the market for over four hundred millions of hen's eggs annually which at the average of 18 cents per dozen amount to six million dollars. They come chiefly in barrels, from every Western State, some of the Southern States and some from South America. A barrel contains 70 to 75 dozen, rye straw cut about half an inch in length is the best packing and oat straw the worst. The "season" commences early in February and continues to June 1st, during which the packages are sold at the marked contents, but after that with loss off, which amounts to from 5 to 7 dozen on the average per barrel.

AN amusing incident occurred on a train in New York State, recently. A newly-married couple entered the car and took a seat. The husband wanting to smoke, left his wife and went into the smoking car. The bride began to doze, and while she slept a stranger entered the car, and, as it was crowded, quietly took a seat beside the young wife. Shortly she began to nod, and doubtless imagining that her husband was still in the seat, gently reclined toward the stranger, and soon her head fondly nestled on her breast. At this juncture the husband returned. He stood in mute astonishment in the aisle until the lady awoke, and, realizing the situation, drew back in amazement, suffused with blushes. Stranger explained, husband was satisfied, and wife tried hard to appear unconcerned.

THE FISHING FROG.—Writers on natural history describe a hideous reptile known as the fishing frog, which angles for its game as expertly and with as great success as the most adroit fly fisher. He is a clumsy, awkward swimmer, but nature has compensated him for his unwieldiness by furnishing him with an equivalent for a rod and line, with bait always ready for use. Two elongated tentacles spring from his nose, which taper away like actual fishing-rods. To the end of them is attached by a slender filament, which serves the purpose of a line, a bait in the form of a shiny bit of membrane. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman down below, and in order to induce the fish to venture within reach of them, the angler stirs up the mud at the bottom with his fins and tail. This attracts the fish and conceals him from their observation. He then plies his rod; the glittering bait glows in the water like a living insect. The dazed fish are taken in great numbers, perfectly circumvented by the trick of the crafty angler.

THE FAIRY'S WHISPER.

"What is the Fairy whispering,
Child of the fair and sunny spring?"
She is breathing me tales of fragrant flowers,
Of balmy airs and of golden hours,
Of shaded nooks and of sunny dreams,
Of singing birds and of murmuring streams—
And this is what she whispers.

She is pointing me to the fair Beyond,
Where Love shall come with his glance so fond,
To shed his blossoms around my life,
And give to my arms a sweet, fair wife;
When all my mornings shall breathe of roses,
When Hope and Joy in our home reposes—
And this is what she whispers.

"But life is not all of shine and bloom;
Does she tell thee naught of the shadow and gloom?
Does she point thee not to the darkened vales,
Where the spirit sighs and the rose-tint pales?
Where serpents coil to the fern's soft breast,
And the clouds hang low on the mountain's crest—
Does she tell of this in her whispers?"

Ah, no! but she tells me of One above,
Whose arm is mighty, whose name is Love,
Who will lead me onward when clouds arise,
And when storms are darkening all the skies;
Who will hold my head on His loving breast,
And give to my weary feet His rest—
And this is what she whispers!

WHAT THEY SAW.

A FAIRY STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

The fairy godmother's house was very much like other houses, only that everything in it did itself, and cleared itself away; the beds made themselves, and turned you out at the right hour in the morning; and a pair of hands and an eye served as Margaret and Peter's nurse, and washed and bathed them as skilfully as mamma could have done. For their fairy godmother, she was just a pretty, bright-eyed, little old lady; and every morning she gave each of them a rose which turned out to be full of toys, and new books, whenever it was shaken.

Of course, they were very happy, you think; but I am not quite sure about that. Suppose, when you sat down, you were a little afraid lest you should stick fast in the chair for a couple of hundred years? Suppose, when you went into the garden, you always had a lurking fear that you might find your feet taking root in the ground, and your head sprouting cabbage leaves? Suppose that when your fairy godmother took out her knitting, you had a creeping notion that the end of her thread was fastening itself to the end of your nose, and that she was going to knit you up? What is that, you say? Good little boys and girls need not be afraid of such things?

Very true, my dear; but this was not a good little boy and girl—which makes a difference. Let me explain: Margaret and Peter had been sent to visit their fairy godmother, just because their mamma could do nothing with them either by preaching or punishment. It was all very well to say that Margaret looked like an angel, in her white skirts, and long, yellow hair. And strangers were sure to declare that Peter was the dearest, rosy-cheeked little fellow. But the angel squalled and twitched and snapped at the dearest little fellow; and the dearest little fellow pinched her, and tore her dolls, and would do all the driving when they played carriage, and all the talking when they played school, and all the building when they played at building houses. In short, the children quarrelled incessantly, and, though polite to every one else, could hardly speak a civil word to each other. Every one was glad to have them go, even mamma, though she cried bitterly; and for nurse, she told them that she would not say "good-bye," for she should see them soon coming back in the shape of a silver fork and spoon as a present to mamma.

Now, you see why Margaret and Peter were at once frightened and sulky in the fairy godmother's pleasant little cottage.

One gets used to everything, however; even to being boiled, as the lobsters say. By-and-by the children troubled themselves no longer about sticking fast, and taking root; then they began to sulk at each other; after that, to snap. Finally, one day, was heard a furious quarrel.

"I say you shall give me the book about the rose," cried Peter.

"I say I won't, and you are a nasty, mean, selfish boy!" screamed Margaret.

"I hate you!" roared Peter.

"I hope you will be turned into a turnip," retorted Margaret.

"You began the quarrel. It is you who will be punished," said Peter; "and if she asks me what to make you, I shall say a pig, for you are nearest that now."

Just then both the children started. A sad—oh, such a sad face was looking at them, as their fairy godmother stood in the door.

Then she went away.

The children stood stock still, waiting for their noses to grow, or a third leg to sprout, or something of that sort; but nothing happened. They waited three, five minutes, but each looked the same as before. They then looked fearfully all around them. She had said, they should see. What should they see? They looked and looked, but they saw nothing.

By-and-by they went back to their play.

"Do you take all of the bricks and go to the other side of the room," said Margaret, "then you can have no pretence to quarrel."

"There, now," said Peter, angrily, "you can never let me alone."

"I am sure it is not because I like your company," answered Margaret. "You have the temper of a bear. No matter what I say to you——Oh! oh!"

"Oh! oh!" screamed Peter, too.

What had happened? They were no longer alone. As each spoke the angry words I have told you, they saw them stir, and shake the air, and join themselves together, and take shape—ugly shape, I promise you. Each sentence became a black, grinning, hideous elf. Each elf went and stood behind Margaret or Peter. Where they moved the elves followed. The children burst out in a loud scream, and ran away; but the elves ran after them; they stood by them, they leaned on them, they whispered to them.

"This is your doing," cried Peter, nearly beside himself.

"No, it is your fault," said Margaret. And instantly two more of the monsters added themselves to the unwelcome company.

Both the children began to cry in such a manner, that the fairy godmother came in haste.

"Take them away," sobbed the brother and sister, "and we will be good."

"Alas! my children," said the fairy, "I neither brought them, nor can I take them away. I have only given you the gift of seeing them. They are your creatures. Look, and see how full the air is of them! You have been creating them ever since you could talk. Every one of you human children is borne a prince or princess, and you create your own followers. If you are gentle and loving, angels will rise up around you; if angry and quarrelsome, you see what sort of creatures follow you. When you come to be men and women, your houses will be full of them or of angels, and no one but yourselves can say which your company shall be."

Here was pleasant news! We are all in the same sort of company; but, then, we have not all of us an obliging fairy godmother, who will kindly lend us spectacles to see them. If we had, some of us might be frightened, as were Peter and Margaret. Everywhere they went, these things were frisking about them. They were all sorts of ugliness, too. Peter struck Margaret, who was teasing his dog. Out stepped a scowling, black gnome, with his hand always lifted to strike, and always striking Peter's arm, whispering, "Strike her again."

Margaret slyly hid Peter's fishing-line, for revenge; and found herself attended by a sneaking little brownie, always winking meanly at her, and nodding at her to do something on the sly!

Peter said, when Margaret was very perfect in her lessons, "Oh, yes, you are like any other parrot; you can learn things by rote!"

And he had the pleasure of adding to his train, at once, a sneering imp with green eyes, turning up his nose at all he saw.

Margaret made a face in return, and looking behind her, saw a new imp making, oh, such awful faces! and, whenever she looked at him, Margaret felt herself inclined to make another one.

And, oh, the night! When the children went to bed, all the imps followed, and perched themselves everywhere about the room. Then Margaret and Peter never could help counting them, and each day there were so many more, for it is surprising how many cross words cross children will speak in a day. And the most horrible of all was the thought that their fairy godmother did not make them. It was a punishment.

She had only given them the power to see what they were doing, and in what company they were.

But this was not all.

The elves were always at work, always digging! Margaret and Peter wondered very much what they were digging; and at last Peter asked his fairy godmother.

"Have you noticed," asked the fairy, "that they always dig between you two?"

"Why, yes," said Margaret.

"And don't you find," continued her godmother, "that while it is easy to feel pleasantly towards other people, it is hard to be very kind to each other? You feel sometimes cold and disagreeable between you. That is the gulf these elves are making. They have made it between thousands of brothers and sisters; and by-and-by they will make it so wide and deep that you can never cross it, and you will really be strangers to each other."

Margaret and Peter, on hearing this, set up a dismal howl.

"I had rather be turned into a cow or a clock," said Peter.

"And I, too," sobbed Margaret.

"Very likely," answered their godmother. "The worst punishment often is to see just exactly what we are doing."

But that was not all!

All day the elves were working, working at Peter and Margaret, themselves touching them, carving them, adding here a line and there a motion of the head or hand! They never interfered with their plays, these airy, dusky creatures, and yet Peter and Margaret felt them busy, always busy about them, and fancied they could perceive some change in themselves every day.

Here was a new fright; and the fairy godmother found them one day looking at each other very sad.

"Oh, do help us!" implored Margaret; "what are these horrible beings doing now?"

"Making you what you will be," she answered; "ill-tempered, jealous, envious, sneaking. It is nothing new; only you can see it now, and no one can help you but yourselves. Remember that."

"Then I will help myself," thought Margaret; and she resolved never to open her mouth to answer Peter till she had first looked at the ugly creatures around her.

Five minutes after, Peter said, "What a dummy you are, Margaret! You gave your chicken salt, and it is dead. You always think yourself so wise!"

Then he laughed and flourished about the room in a disagreeable manner, while the fire flashed in Margaret's eyes.

"Tell him," whispered the elves, "you are not such a fool as he is! He goes fishing, and pulls up his bait before the fish can get a chance to nibble at it."

Then they laughed and capered, and their wicked eyes gleamed! Oh, how ugly and mean they looked!

"No I won't," said Margaret to herself, and she answered as gently as she could:—"Well, Peter, you know we all make mistakes."

What do you think happened then? One of the hateful, chattering imps—the one nearest her—disappeared, and in its place was an angel—a very little one—but it had soft blue eyes, and wide white wings, and it smiled on Margaret.

"Eh?" said Peter; "what?"

He could not believe his ears. He turned about to look, and Margaret's angel smiled on him, too. I wonder what made the tears then come to Peter's eyes, and the ugly grin die away from his lips! The tears did come; and, after waiting a moment:—"Maggie," said Peter, "I am sorry! I am an ugly fellow, and you must not mind me. I will go and help you bury your chicken."

"Why, Peter, cried Margaret, "there are two angels—one is following you."

Now we come to a pleasant chapter. The angels came for kind words, as fast as the elves for angry ones. The angels could work as well as the dusky imps. Everywhere they made war on them, and drove them back. When the striking imp touched Peter's arm, the sneaking elf winked at Maggie, an angel stepped between; and when an elf was often turned away, it faded and disappeared.

And now you understand how it happened that Peter and Margaret came back to their mamma gentle and loving.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

Childhood is the mother's "accepted time" to teach her children. Her duty is with them and to them, and should not be shirked or avoided. Day by day the children are growing and expanding; and, if the food they crave is not given them by the mother, they will get it elsewhere, and will soon be away from her influence. Childhood's days, if they have been spent thus profitably, in time to come, will be to them as a well of living water, from which they will drink deep and be refreshed, though now it may almost seem like water poured on the ground, they seem so heedless of your advice and admonitions. How can they appear but indifferent? They know not the value of her teachings, they cannot know now; but the mother knows, and cannot escape guilt if she does not fortify them against coming responsibility and care by words of wisdom that in due time will ripen into golden sheaves, whether she lives to see it or not.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 37. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN VAIN.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. —*Shakespeare.*

Whatever the shadow might have been which had arisen between Jasper Onslow and Muriel, it appeared to pass away when they had settled down into their new life.

An evening or two after the memorable ball they had been alone together, and whatever had passed at the interview had appeared to clear away the shade.

Muriel's maid told in the housekeeper's room how her mistress had come upstairs weeping, and how she had guessed that her tears were for joy and not grief, for that she had murmured "Thank heaven!" many times with clasped hands and beaming eyes.

From that time Muriel became once more like her old self—gay, happy, unconscious of the evil that was coming to her through Doris Carlyon's fatal fascinations, and recognized as the most beautiful and fascinating woman in her circle.

Anthony Colliver, for the little old man who had visited Limehouse was in very deed the brother of the master of Marling Manor, made his way to London by the first train after he had obtained Jasper's address, and marveling much at the grandeur of its surroundings, was set down at Stafford House. He had been more than forty years away from England, and London and its ways were as strange to him as though he had been suddenly transplanted to the moon to make acquaintance with the inhabitants thereof.

He had no idea that the man to whom he had been directed was so wealthy, and he asked for him with some slight misgiving. But the servants were perfectly polite; their master and mistress had hardly arrived at the pitch of polite insolence which gives the order "Not at home," and then stands at the window to see the discomfited guest depart. The man said he would see, and asked the visitor for his card.

"I havn't such a thing," he replied. "I don't carry them; but I have come on a very important matter. I think your master will see me."

"Very good, sir. What name?"

"Say my name is Colliver. He knows my name, but not me. I have come from Limehouse on purpose to see him."

The man asked him to be seated while he went with the message to Muriel's boudoir, where his master happened to be. No shadow of the unhappiness coming to her was on Jasper's wife as yet, and it was a radiant picture of home life that the opening door revealed.

There had been no guests at dinner that day, and Muriel had her children with her, while she was busy with some piece of feminine trifling. Jasper was reading to her, and looked up when the servant entered.

"A gentleman to see you on business, sir," he said, respectfully.

"I cannot see any one to-night," he said. "I meant to have told Holmes to say 'Not at home.'"

"The gentleman said his business was important, sir, or he would not have troubled you."

"Ask his name?"

"I did, sir."

"Well?"

"His name is Colliver, sir, and he mentioned that he had come from Limehouse to see you."

The servant had certainly understood the stranger to say that Mr. Onslow did not know him; but there must have been some mistake, for his master started from his seat with an exclamation of fear or surprise, and his mistress, when he looked at her, had fallen back in her chair in a dead faint.

Mr. Colliver had to be asked into the library to wait a few minutes; but at the end of that time Jasper Onslow walked into the room, very pale and haggard-looking, but perfectly composed.

"I have to apologize for keeping you waiting," he said, courteously; "but the fact is, that your name, suddenly announced, startled my wife very much. The servant said, 'Mr. Colliver, of Limehouse,' and we expected to see an old friend, whom I fear we shall never meet again."

"My name is Colliver, and I have come from Limehouse, but I do not reside there. I have been there looking for my brother, and have been directed to you."

"Your brother?"

"Yes. Jabez Colliver, of Marling Manor. They tell me that you were left in charge of the place when he went away—have the charge of it still."

"I have, certainly. But—pardon me for seeming to doubt you in any way—Mr. Colliver always assured me he had not a relation in the world."

"He didn't know that he had. It is many a long day—over forty years—since we parted, and I have never been in England since. He didn't know I was alive; but I can bring you plenty of proof of who I am. What I want to know is, where is my brother?"

"I expect you have heard all there is to tell," Jasper said, uneasily. "Mr. Colliver left home one morning early, as he was accustomed to do, and has never returned."

"Are you sure he went?"

"Sir!"

"Oh, no offence, I hope. I meant, was it an ascertained fact that he left the place? He was an elderly man, liable to be seized with sudden illness, and he may be dead."

"If he is, it is not there," Jasper replied, carelessly, playing with a paper-knife on the table. "I saw him go, so did several people at Limehouse, and for some time afterwards I kept the house open. But for unexpected circumstances I should be there now."

"I do not doubt you would, sir. When can I have the keys of the house? If my brother be dead I am his heir; if not, I am the fittest person to have charge of his effects."

"You can have the key whenever I have proof that you are the person you describe yourself to be. You will pardon my caution, I am sure; but I cannot believe my poor old friend is dead, and while there is the smallest hope of his being alive, I hold myself the custodian of the Manor and its contents, which I fear will be somewhat damaged by damp and neglect by this time."

"My brother was wealthy, was he not?"

"Not that I know of. I could find no record of any money laid by, and I certainly found none in the old house. There is a good deal of property there of one sort and another, mostly his stock-in-trade, which was various, for he dealt in everything that was rare and curious."

"I will bring my credentials to you to-morrow, Mr. Onslow," Anthony Colliver said, as he took his leave. "I shall leave no stone unturned to find my brother. I have a strange presentiment on me that he has not been fairly dealt with."

"Good heavens! Whom do you suspect of wrong-doing?"

"No one. It is just one of those persistent feelings that lay hold of a man sometimes. Living or dead, I mean to find my brother."

"You shall have any help I can give," Jasper Onslow said, still looking at the table, the carpet, anywhere but at the keen face of his visitor, who presently took his departure.

The master of Stafford House was seen no more that night. He shut himself into his room, and bade his valet go about his business.

Anthony Colliver let not a moment pass before commencing his search. Far into the night he went whirling about in a hansom cab from one huge newspaper office to another, handing in copies of an advertisement which was to appear in the morning's editions. He telegraphed to the principal provincial papers, and arranged for its transmission to the Continent before he retired to rest.

Evidently money was no object, for he must have spent a little fortune in those few hours. But he was a determined man, and never drew back when he had made up his mind to do anything.

"I'll find him if he's above ground," he said, "or run him to earth in his grave if he isn't. Those fellows at Limehouse told me all they knew—I could read the truth in their blundering faces; but the other didn't. Why should my name frighten him? Why didn't he look me in the face? Has he had news of my brother's death, and is keeping it secret for some reason of his own? I must find out. I shall know more when I see the inside of my brother's house, Mr. Onslow."

Ernest Dormer read an advertisement in the *Times* the next morning asking for information about Jabez Colliver, and wondered.

"What's in the wind now?" he thought. "Who wants that old fellow? Somebody with money evidently. One hundred pounds reward. There's more in that than meets the eye."

Lord Dantree read it at his club, with his friend, Mr. Levison, looking over his shoulder.

"Somebody's wanted particularly," he said, laughing. "I wonder if any one would offer one hundred pounds for me if I went a-missing. What do you think, Levison? Is any one in the world worth offering so much money for?"

But that young gentleman's only answer to his friend was a puzzled stare at the paper, and an ejaculation of—

"By Jove!"

"What's up?" asked his lordship.

"Why, that's the very man I was talking about the other night—the pedlar or broker that wanted to sell my father your mother's brooch."

"The deuce it is!"

"Yes. I remember the name quite well now. Jabez Colliver. I recollect thinking what an odd name, and what an odd fellow it belonged to. Who's he so precious to, I wonder?"

An old man sitting behind the counter of a shop in Paris read it when it appeared in the French papers, and sat ruminating over it in strange bewilderment.

Presently he pushed the paper away, and his spectacles up on to his forehead, and went and opened his fireproof safe. He took out a bundle of notes, and brought them to the light, running them over with his finger and thumb with the practiced touch of a man used to handling money. At last he selected one.

"Yes," he said, "it's the same. Here's my private mark. I paid that note to Jabez Colliver for some Indian goods not twelve months since. He never paid away a note without endorsing it, and it has come back into my hands again. Whoever paid me that note should know something of Jabez. Now to see where I got it."

He was a methodical old man, this Parisian shopkeeper, and every note that came into his possession was put down in his books, with the number and the name of the payer thereof. He had once lost a considerable sum of money through unwittingly taking a stolen note, and the risk had made him cautious. He found the entry at length—a date of only a very short time back. The note had come from the country, or, at any rate, from the hands of a person living a long way off.

"I'll write and ask him where he got it," he said to himself. "Perhaps Jabez died there, if he is dead. I shouldn't be surprised. He wasn't fit to go wandering about as he did."

He wrote, and in course of time the answer came; but he did not understand the magnitude of its importance when he received it and put it away.

"Jabez must have forgotten his caution for once, and paid that note away unendorsed," he thought.

But there came a time when he was undeceived, and the mystery surrounding Jabez Colliver's fate was practically cleared by the agency of that unmarked note.

Jasper Onslow and Muriel read the notification with very mingled feelings.

"What will he do? What can he do?" she asked with a very pale face.

"He can do nothing until he has proved he is the person he professes to be. I don't think he is myself."

"Why?"

"Because old Jabez always denied having any relations. I think he's some adventurer, myself, who fancies the old Manor contains something worth looking after. I wish him joy of all he finds there."

No answer came to the advertisement—no one knew what had become of Jabez Colliver. It seemed as if no mortal creature had set eyes upon him since the policeman had bid him good-bye in the street. People began to conjecture that, instead of going out of England at all, he had fallen into the river and been washed out to sea.

Anthony Colliver found it much more difficult to establish his identity than he imagined it would be. In his simplicity he fancied that he had only to come and announce himself to be received with open arms; but he found that his word and the letters of a few people at the Antipodes were not enough to prove that he was himself.

So Jasper Onslow still kept possession of the Manor, and refused to give up the keys, while his visitor from Australia—for Mr. Colliver hailed from there—fretted and chafed in weary impatience over the uselessness of his efforts to find his brother.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ABOUSED.

Take heed, we are passionate, our milk of love
Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking.
—*Milkman.*

Anthony Colliver was decidedly a nuisance to Jasper Onslow. He was referred to that gentleman's lawyers, who treated him with perfect politeness, and neither accused him of any hallucination, nor affected to disbelieve him, but simply told him that they could not advise their client to give up possession of the Manor without he brought proof of his identity. He flew into a passion, which did not affect the astute legal gentleman one whit, and engaged a lawyer on his own account.

But his own legal adviser could do no more; he could only take his money, and advise him to get the necessary proofs as soon as possible, when he would be put in possession at once.

Alas, where was he to get proofs—he had led a roving life, now in one part of the world, now in another. He could bring plenty of people from the Antipodes and elsewhere to swear they had known him as Anthony Colliver, but not one who could connect him in any way with England or Marling Manor.

Jasper Onslow, on whom he called frequently, was always perfectly polite to him, never evincing the slightest impatience at his visits, which, to tell the truth, irritated him beyond measure; but avowing his willingness to yield up possession of his brother's house as soon as he should see his way to do so legally and satisfactorily. Pending the arrival of the proofs he declined even to allow Mr. Colliver to enter the old house, and to that gentleman's great dismay his own lawyer avowed that Mr. Onslow was quite right.

So the old man led an unsettled, aimless sort of life in London, occupying an obscure lodging in Bloomsbury, and keeping up his advertisements at intervals, in the forlorn hope of finding out something.

People began to know him. His quaint little figure began to be familiar to the denizens of Bloomsbury and the West-end. He liked the West-end; there was something in the stately mansions, the fresh green parks, and the "glorious women and handsome men" of the upper ten thousand which pleased his fancy and charmed his eye. He liked a chair in the park, and never grudged paying for it to see the rank and beauty of London ride and drive by, and he soon came to be looked upon as a regular *habitue* at the edge of the Lady's Mile.

One day, occupying his usual place and chair, he gave greeting to Jasper Onslow and Ernest Dormer, who were walking together.

"Any success, Mr. Colliver?" the latter asked.

Jasper rarely started the subject of the old man's search for his brother, though he never avoided it.

"No," he replied. "No one seems able to tell me what has become of my brother, though I have had a letter from France, Mr. Onslow, addressed to me at my lawyer's, which seems to offer some slight clue. I fancy, after all, he must have gone there."

"Indeed?" Jasper said. "May I ask where your news is from?"

"I have the letter in my pocket," he replied. "You can see it if you like."

Jasper Onslow felt that the keen eyes of Anthony Colliver were regarding him with earnest scrutiny while he read the letter, which was written in execrable English, and in a curious, cramped hand. The writer was the old Paris shopkeeper who, seeing repeated advertisements for Jabez Colliver, had resolved to write to the advertiser and tell the story of the note. He set forth that he had known the said Jabez, and had had dealings with him for many years; that much money had passed between them, and that he knew his old friend to be specially punctilious about the endorsing and registering of notes. Then he stated that a note which had been paid by him to Jabez Colliver not more than a year before had come back to him through other hands unendorsed. He said he had written to the person who had paid him the note, and enclosed his reply, and suggested that Mr. Colliver should make inquiries at the place himself.

"And where is it?" asked Jasper, while Ernest Dormer listened with eager attention.

"In Languedoc."

"Languedoc!"

For his life he could not have repressed the exclamation, nor the anxious tone in which it was made; but the wearied look passed from his face in a moment, and he only asked, carelessly—

"And of whom are you going to make inquiries in Languedoc, Mr. Colliver?"

"Of a parish priest named Joseph Lemaitre—that is the name given me."

"My dear sir, I can save you your trouble; if Mr. Lemaitre paid you that note, he had it from me. He was with me, and rendered much assistance when my poor cousin died, and I sent him a large sum of money (according to his notions) for his church and himself. Part of it was doubtless this mysterious note, for I received many from Mr. Colliver during our business connection, and I must say I think this Parisian gentleman makes a mistake about always marking his notes. Several that I received from him were certainly not marked. You need hardly take the trouble to follow up that one, I think."

"I shall follow up every clue I get, however slight," the old man replied, "I start for France to-morrow."

"I wish you success with all my heart."

"Thank you."

"You will let me know how you get on?"

"I will, depend upon it."

They left him sitting with his chin on his stick, staring at the carriages as they passed, and looking the very picture of determination and self reliance.

"That's a curious old customer," Ernest said, when they were out of earshot.

"Yes, confound him!"

"You don't like him?"

"No, I don't."

"Are you afraid of him, Onslow?"

"Why should I be afraid of him? No, certainly not."

"Well, he seems to irritate you."

"Irritate! That's not the word—he maddens me! He's always hanging about and asking questions. I wish he'd bring the proofs the lawyers want, and I'd give up the old place to him and be glad to get rid of him. He's a perfect nightmare."

"Teresa Sclavoni."

The name sounded as if it were spoken close to them, and Ernest Dormer started as though he had been shot, and forget all about Jasper Onslow and his perplexity.

"What's the matter?" that gentleman asked. "What did you hear or see?"

"I heard a name that startled me, that was all; the name of a person I want very much to find out more about. "Who could have spoken it?"

Evidently a tall, dark looking man, standing behind them, whose face Jasper felt sure he had seen somewhere, but where he could not tell. He was looking at the carriages as they passed with rather a wild stare. He was decently dressed, and his hair was very gray, almost white, contrasting oddly with a jet black moustache. He did not look at all an old man, but rather like one whose hair had been bleached by sickness or trouble.

As they looked at him he shook his fist at some one, real or imaginary, in the passing throng, and spoke again—

"Teresa Sclavoni," he said again. "The time is coming now swiftly and surely; there will be no escape this time—none!"

"He's mad, I think," said Jasper.

"Mad or sane, I am going to watch him," Ernest said. "I must hear more."

"Then I will say good-bye. I see Muriel and her ponies. She will give me a lift. Nice ponies, ain't they?"

"The best in the drive, I think. Her Grace of Portarlington says she shall never rest till she gets them, for they are the best matched pair in London."

"Her grace is very impertinent, and will have to go without rest for a long time, I am afraid. Muriel will not part with Frisk and Rough for anything she can offer. Good day, Dormer. Your queer looking friend is moving away, I see."

He stepped into the low, prettily appointed carriage which Muriel stopped at a sign from him, and Ernest followed the man whose words had so interested him. There was a cloud on Muriel's pretty face as her husband seated himself beside her, and a suspicious brightness in her eyes.

"What is the matter, my darling?" he asked, taking the reins from her hands, as the ponies showed a disposition to have too much of their own way.

"Nothing," she answered, shortly.

"Yes there is. I can see it in your face, Muriel. What troubles you?"

"Nothing but the fact that I'm a fool; that's all, Jasper."

"In what, love?"

"Worrying myself."

"What about?"

"Doris Carlyon."

"Doris Carlyon! Why should you fret yourself about her? Has she been rude to you?"

"Rude! Oh, no; she is scrupulously polite—offensively so, I think."

"Then what worries you about her?"

"I can't tell you, Jasper—the very idea is too shameful. And yet—Jasper, tell me, do you love her still?"

"Love her, Muriel! What are you thinking of."

"Of what I have heard—only whispers and hints, mind, but enough to madden me. I have heard that when you are so often out, 'tis not at your club you may be found, but in that luxurious cottage of hers—that you spend more time in her society than you do in mine,—bah! I cannot speak of it! Why did you come up to me now when all this horror was fresh upon me?"

"I don't know who has been putting this nonsense into your head, Muriel, for it is nonsense. Who told you all this?"

"No one said it to me, but I heard it openly discussed not ten minutes since while I sat in a block yonder. Two women were using your name freely and loudly enough as they sat in their carriage by mine. Of course they did not know who I was, or even their insolence would have been silent, I think."

"My dear Muriel, you are making a tremendous fuss about nothing. I cannot help what people choose to say."

"But you have been to her house. You have had such stolen meetings with the woman who ruined you."

"I have seen Miss Carlyon, certainly, but I have made no secret of my visits to her; it is not a deadly sin, surely, to visit a friend of my wife's."

"It is death to me," said Muriel, passionately. "You shall not go there, Jasper!—You shall not see her—you belong to me and I have a right to say it."

"My dear girl, you have a right to say what you like; but for heaven's sake don't get excited, and make a scene here. See, those people are looking at us. Don't be foolish, and attempt to say 'shall not' to me. It would be the very way to drive me to do the thing you forbid with such vehemence."

"Don't jest on such a subject, Jasper, you will drive me mad. It chokes me to think of it. I'd rather see you dead at my feet than think you had any love for that wicked, wicked woman."

"Not so wicked as you fancy, perhaps, my dear."

"She is wicked, Jasper—she must be—to suffer you, another woman's husband, to haunt her with admiration and flattery. I would rather know you were buried in the deepest grave that could be dug than think of you at her feet. I tell you the worms of the churchyard would have purer kisses for you than her polluted lips."

"Muriel, my dear, I think you are going mad," he said, gently, though her words had set every nerve quivering. "Take the reins and drive home, there's a good girl, and we'll talk of this to-morrow. You must not take all the gossip you hear for the truth."

"If it is truth, Jasper, take care. I love you so that the hate my love would turn to if I thought you loved her would be something terrible. I could not hate you long, Jasper. I should kill myself or you!"

"My dear girl, drop it till we get home, and then you shall tell me exactly what you heard, who said it, and all about it, and I will tell you how much of it is true. I don't intend to give up my association with Miss Carlyon for any idle gossip. I credited you with more sense than to listen to it."

"I could not help listening, Jasper. Ah! don't be angry with me, dear. I couldn't bear to think of you and that woman together."

"Here come 'that woman' and her aunt, my dear. Don't let them see there is anything the matter."

And Muriel did not let them see, but greeted the two ladies with a bow and a smile of the utmost sweetness, though Doris detected the trouble in her eyes, and made her own comments thereon.

"Some one has been enlightening her," she thought, "and she's jealous. I saw it in her face. So the icicle is thawed at last, is it. Her idol will come down off his pedestal now. I wonder how she'll punish him for his misdemeanor."

(*To be continued in our next.*)

BORROWED TROUBLE.—Half the misery of mankind is borrowed misery. For instance, our neighbor's child is taken ill with measles. Immediately, one begins to conjure up frightful visions about one's own children, when, very likely, they will escape the contagion altogether, or get through it very lightly. Or, we are taken ill ourselves. Immediately we aggravate every symptom, and banish possible sleep by computing the probable loss to our business if "laid up," and indulging in fears that we may not recover at all—forgetting those golden words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

ADVICE.—Be loyal to the nature you bear; consecrate your lives to every good and noble work, faithfully labor for the elevation and perfection of our common humanity, and the angel will sweetly smile upon you, and you will be happy, both in this life and that which is beyond the grave. If you will be happy, you must do all within your power to bless others. By making others happy, you fill your own lives with sunshine and happiness.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Though Fortune may frown on your journey through life,
And Adversity's shadow hang o'er thee,
If you will but look onward with Faith and with Hope,
You'll discover a prize on before thee.
Then laugh at pale Sorrow,
And joyfully say,
"The bliss of to-morrow
May outvie to-day!"

Let "Love" be your watchword and "Hope" be your song—
Let Friendship entwine us together;
Oh! much might be done if mankind would resolve
To look gay in Life's stormiest weather.
Then laugh at vain sadness,
And try to beguile
Fainting hearts into gladness,
By Hope and a smile!

NANNIE'S STORY.

BY ANNIE H. JEROME.

Yes, Miss Lena, I saw it all with my own eyes. It was an awful tragedy, and one I shall never forget to my dying day. If I had read the like in a novel I might have laughed at its improbability; but I have learned that truth is often stranger than fiction.

"How did it all happen?"

Well, you see, Miss Lena, I was chambermaid there, and I'm not ashamed to own it, either; for it was a grand house in those days, if it was a hotel. And besides that, everybody liked and respected me which was proof enough that I did my duty. Then I had a pretty good education, and that was in my favor.

But to go back to the tragedy. One evening there was an arrival that caused a stir in the house. A grand looking, fair-haired, blue-eyed gentleman with just the daintiest, sweetest, most beautiful lady you ever set eyes upon. A tiny, fairy-like creature, whose great melting black eyes won all hearts at once.

She was queenly, too, though she was little; and her pretty half-foreign air and speech made her charming. Yet we all sighed when we looked at her. It was so sad to know that one so lovely should be even temporarily insane.

You see when the grand looking gentleman engaged the rooms he stated that his wife was laboring under a temporary fit of insanity which only manifested itself in untiring efforts to escape from his protection. He said, also, that the physicians not only recommended constant change of scene, but protested against anything like the guardianship of a nurse or companion, and that he was consequently forced to travel alone and depend upon the services of those about him.

Well, as it happened, the suite of rooms he chose was my especial charge, and, according to orders previously received, I was there busying myself with some trifling duty when Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue entered.

He did not use absolute force in bringing her in—I think she was too proud to subject herself to that—but one could easily see he was mastering her will.

I was standing near the door at the instant, and as she caught sight of me she fixed her great, soft eyes upon my face and scanned it with eager intensity, a pitiful appeal in their splendid depths which made me her slave from that moment.

Mr. Fortescue led her to a luxurious chair before the grate. As she seated herself he bent tenderly over her and said:

"Dearest, I——"

She did not permit him to finish the sentence. Springing from her chair she waved him off with angry disgust.

"Back, wretch! back!" she cried, the red blood rushing in a flaming torrent to her cheeks. "How dare you lean over me so! Will you never cease this villainous acting? Go! go and leave me in peace!"

With a deep sigh he turned silently away and moved toward the door, indicating by a slight gesture a wish that I should follow him. As the door closed behind me he murmured—

"You see how it is with her. Guard her carefully, but with as little appearance of restraint as possible. Spare neither labor nor attention and you shall be handsomely paid. I presume the whole suite has been made secure according to my directions?"

"Quite sir," I answered pityingly, he seemed so broken hearted.

"Very good. If she speaks of me tell her I will not intrude upon her again until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, when we resume our journey. She will doubtless tell you the wild story she does others, poor dove!" he sighed wearily. With a last earnest charge he turned away; but instantly wheeling about he added, "I wish you would continue to remain with her as much as possible—all night, indeed, if you can. Still, if she insists upon dismissing you, humor her; only be careful to secure the door. I shall, however, be constantly on the alert in any event."

When I re-entered the room Mrs. Fortescue was standing under the gas before the great cheval glass. She had flung off her wraps, and appeared to be studying her beautiful face with strange interest.

"Come hither," she commanded in her sweet, queenly way, looking at me in the glass as I locked the door and deposited the key in my pocket.

I smilingly obeyed her. She turned from the glass, and taking my face between her two white, jeweled hands again scanned it with the keen, pitiful gaze she had first bestowed upon me.

"You have the countenance of a good, brave, intelligent girl," she murmured gently as she removed the dainty, velvety palms from my flushing cheeks. "You are innately a lady, and the impress will be upon all your thoughts and deeds. What is your name?"

"Nannie Hoyt, ma'am."

"Now look at me. Do you find one mark of insanity stamped upon the face yonder evil man unfortunately esteems so transcendently beautiful?"

She waited for my answer, and I was glad it was in my power to humor her truthfully.

"Not one, Mrs. Fortescue," I declared earnestly.

In a moment her eyes blazed.

"Never," she cried proudly and commandingly, "address me by that name again! It is none of mine—nor, indeed, his—neither am I his wife, as Heaven knows. Oh! don't believe me mad!" she tearfully pleaded, clasping her hands in an agony of entreaty. "I am not! I am not! It is useless in me to attempt to convince my equals that I am a wronged woman. They treat my words as the ravings of a lunatic, and I injure instead of promoting my cause. Then be my friend, Nannie, for I am sorely in need of one!"

"I am your friend, dear lady," I answered with dimming eyes.

"Yes, I know," she sighed despairingly, "the friend of an insane woman!"

She gazed drearily at me for a brief space and then abruptly resumed: "Nannie, I have scarcely a friend in all this broad land. It is but a short time since my husband transplanted me from my beautiful Southern home to this strange country."

She must have seen in my face that I thought her mind was wandering, for she explained hastily:

"No! no! that villain is not my husband! He is only the serpent of our Eden—the trusted friend of the man he has moved heaven and earth to betray. I doubted him from the first, and soon learned to abhor him; and nothing but a terrible dread of the consequences has prevented my unfolding his real character to my idolized husband. He fathomed the cause of my silence and has taken vile advantage of it.

"Two days ago my husband was called from home on business likely to detain him a fortnight, if not longer. This trusted friend, Arnold Orr, accompanied him. But in pursuance of a perfectly concerted and most nefarious scheme gave a plausible excuse for returning the same day.

"He came to me with an almost illegible scrawl closing with my husband's signature, or, more correctly, the fac-simile of it. The purport was that he had met with a severe accident, and wished me to join him immediately under the protection of Arnold Orr.

"Utterly unsuspicious I walked into the snare prepared for me. After a few hours I discovered the truth, and since then have been represented as his insane wife.

"Of the fate that is in store for me, if I am not rescued soon, I dare not think. Orr is a slave to evil—a handsome, polished villain, gifted with all the talent requisite to his success as such. Now will you aid me to escape the toils of this unscrupulous man? I have given you only a brief outline of the truth; but it is enough for my purpose if your womanly intuitions are true."

She stretched out her dainty little hand sparkling with glorious little diamonds.

"See!" she eagerly added. "See! I am rich. If I had naught but these diamonds they would make your fortune and still leave me one. Do my bidding and your fortune is made. Will you?"

The passionate supplication in her voice and eyes almost grieved me into a hasty consent. But I answered evasively:

"What do you wish me to do, dear lady?" for it seemed incredible that any man could be so awfully wicked, and madly daring.

"Oh, Nannie! Nannie! you don't believe me yet!" she moaned, bursting into a passion of tears.

That melted me.

"Dear lady," I cried, "command me! I will faithfully obey you and leave results with God. I feel assured you will never ask me to commit an evil."

"Never! never! Oh! may the blessed Virgin protect and comfort you forever, Nannie!" she sobbed, casting her arms about me in a tumult of joy. "But hark! What is that?" she whispered, starting back and turning an anxious glance toward the door communicating with the next room.

"Only the wind," I smiled. "But I will go in and see. The room belongs to the suite Mr. Forte—Orr engaged a week ago."

"A week ago!" she echoed.

"Yes ma'am. And you were expected this evening. Mr. Orr took the whole suite on account of the rooms communicating."

"The villain! The base villain!" she murmured, returning to her seat before the fire as I proceeded to reconnoitre the next room.

"There is no one about," I presently reported. "Mr. Fortescue—Orr, I mean—is probably taking his tea. But he will not intrude upon you again to-night. He bade me tell you so. I will, however, slide the bolt, and then you will feel quite safe, as this is the end of the suite. And now, dear lady," I continued, approaching her, "I will ring for refreshments."

"Not till I tell you what I wish you to do, Nannie. We have no time to lose."

"Dear lady," I objected respectfully, "we must take care not to excite suspicion. A longer conference might do so. Mr. Orr, will, no doubt, be incessantly on the watch."

"You are right," she answered affrightedly. "Ring at once."

At the command, I took the waiter, and, dismissing the man, served her myself.

She scarcely touched the delicacies Mr. Fortescue had sent up, and soon pushed the tray aside.

"Nannie," she half whispered, "we must be quick. First, I want a telegram sent to my husband, Mr. Ellison Trevaine. Unless something unforeseen has prevented, he reached P.—— this afternoon. As he remains there till morning, he will certainly receive the telegram; but I have neither pencil nor paper, and dare not risk sending you for them. Can you bear the message in your mind?"

"I'll not forget a word," I confidently declared.

"The saints forbid you should," she exclaimed tearfully. "Then say this: 'Ines is in deadly peril; come. Inquire at the —— House for Nannie Hoyt. Answer at once, addressing the same.'"

She made me repeat it several times, with Mr. Trevaine's address, and then bidding me wait for a reply, placed a gold coin in my hand. As I rose to go she stopped me.

"Wait, Nannie, that is not all. I shall be taken from here before my husband can reach me. What is to be done?"

Her beautiful eyes were full of trouble, as she looked inquiringly at me. It was a grave question, and for a little while I remained silent. At last I said, musingly—"If you could only be sick!"

"My own thought!" she exclaimed. "Is there not something I could take without injury? The villain would be afraid to call a physician."

I pondered a moment.

"You might take a little antimonial wine. It would sicken without injuring you. Shall I get some?"

"Anything! anything to save me!" she cried. "Now go."

I left the room, and locked the door, with many grave doubts.

"She appears to be sane enough," I thought, anxiously; "but who knows? They are awfully cunning creatures. But surely no harm can come of all this, if anything does."

As I thus queried with myself, one of the doors of the suite engaged by Mr. Fortescue opened, and the gentleman himself stepped into the hall.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I thought I heard Mrs. Fortescue's door close. Has she dismissed you for the night?"

"Only for a couple of hours or so, sir. She is quietly resting on the lounge at present. All is safe, sir, and I shall remain with her during the night."

"What does she say?" he asked, eyeing me keenly.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Just what might be expected, sir," I returned, with cool promptitude. "Just what an insane lady would say under the circumstances."

"And that was what?"

I raised my eyebrows in simulated surprise.

"Just what you prepared me to expect, sir. As crazy a story as ever I heard of."

The suspicion I had detected in his eye died out as if by magic, and he re-entered his room with a heavy sigh. As I moved away John—John was head waiter at the —— House—came suddenly around the corner of the side hall. Unobservant of the still open door, he exclaimed:

"Nannie, dear, I was just wanting you. Can't you get off and take a little walk with me?"

Very glad that a quietus could thus be administered to Mr. Fortescue's suspicions, I said:

"Yes, John, I am off duty for a time, and will go right away and get ready."

Once on the street, I explained that I had a private purchase to make, and must dismiss him at a certain point, where I would, as soon as possible, rejoin him. You see I did not care to take John into the poor lady's confidence just yet. John being my lover and not my husband at that time, he was submissive enough. So I left him and proceeded alone to the office.

My dispatch was soon off, and in due time an answer came back which essentially strengthened my belief in the beautiful lady's sanity.

It was brief: "Expect me at dusk to-morrow."

I then hurried away for the antimonial wine, and soon after rejoined poor, disappointed John, and proceeded homeward.

Mr. Fortescue was still on the alert when I got back. As I fitted the key in the lock he opened his door again. But on seeing who it was he immediately retired with a significant nod.

My beautiful charge, exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, had fallen into a deep sleep from which the opening door failed to arouse her. I cast a light covering over her, and lowered the gas, and after moving softly about for some time, sat down to await her awakening.

But it grew late, and still she lay in that profound slumber. I therefore decided, as the lounge was wide and soft, to let her sleep till morning. I then replenished the fire as quietly as possible, and disposed myself for the night in the depths of an easy chair.

My sleep was fitful and uneasy, and about six o'clock in the morning I was completely awakened by a slight sound in the next room.

"It is Mr. Fortescue," I thought. "I dare say he's been prowling about that door all night, and who knows? Maybe he's concluded to start at an earlier hour."

I was on my feet in an instant. Then, with a gentle touch and whispered word, I awakened my sweet lady. She opened her glorious eyes full on my face with all the bewildered innocence of a child.

"Dear lady," I whispered, "it is time for you to take the drug. But you must let me put you to bed first."

In an instant the tide of memory rushed back, and she sprang to her feet. I lifted a warning finger toward the next room whispering, "Don't make a noise. If he finds we are astir, he may take it into his head to go off at once. He is moving about there."

She glanced affrightedly at the door, and whispered in trembling anxiety,

"The telegram, Nannie—did you get an answer?"

"Here it is—he is coming, Mrs. Trevaine!" I answered joyfully.

She read and re-read the welcome words, kissing them rapturously till I again reminded her of the still threatening danger.

My fear was prophetic. An hour later Mr. Fortescue tapped lightly at the communicating door, and said just what I had been anticipating. I shook my head gravely.

"Mrs. Fortescue is very sick, sir."

"Sick!" he repeated in dismay. Then, as if impelled by a sudden suspicion he said firmly, "I must see her."

And thrusting me aside he strode into the room and over to the couch, before I could utter a remonstrance. But I had anticipated this very movement and was consequently prepared.

One glance at the beautiful, ghastly face lying against the pillows was sufficient proof of the truth of my statement. He bent anxiously over her with a tender inquiry.

"She is too ill to reply, sir," I said as she lay silent and motionless before him.

He turned away, a deep anxiety shadowing his handsome features. Obeying his silent command I followed him into the next room.

"Do you consider her in danger?" he abruptly inquired.

"Not at all, sir. I am used to sickness, and think she will be as well as ever in the course of two or three days."

He looked relieved at my reply, but asked with a certain anxiety:

"And how soon do you think she will be able to travel?"

"I can't say positively, of course, sir; but I should think by to-morrow, possibly," I replied hesitatingly.

"Not by evening then?"

"Perhaps; if the sickness goes off. But it would be sheer cruelty unless some urgent necessity exists. She is as weak as a baby."

My tones being expressive of a degree of surprise at such a proposition he explained, hastily:

"Mrs. Fortescue is not aware of it; but I wish to join a party of friends about to go South, and a trifling delay may deprive her of the cheerful companionship I desire to provide."

It seemed plausible enough; but it almost distracted me to know which of the two I should believe, though I had fully resolved to serve the sweet lady. He looked thoughtfully at the floor for a moment, and then asked, as I fancied, reluctantly:

"Does she require the services of a physician?"

"La! no, sir," I exclaimed. "She's tired and worried, and a good deal out of order; but there's nothing serious. I have seen a heap of illness as I told you at first."

"Then I shall intrust her to your care," he answered with evident relief.

And with that he dismissed me. He did not again enter the chamber; but at frequent intervals tapped at the door for tidings of her condition. Toward dusk I reported her so much improved that he told me he would go out for a stroll, as he had confined himself closely to the house during the day.

I hailed this decision with secret delight. An indefinable dread of Mr. Trevaine's arrival had taken possession of me, and I was almost as nervous and anxious as my beautiful patient, who, pale and haggard, sat in an easy chair counting off the slow minutes.

As if by magic my strange forebodings vanished with his retreating step. He had been gone about an hour when a waiter tapped at the door. I went out to him.

"There's a gentleman to see you, Nannie. He's waiting in the lower hall."

Suspecting who it was I said:

"Mr. Fortescue is out, and I can't leave the lady alone just now. Show him up here if you please, Jim. I'll be out again in a minute," I concluded as I re-entered the room.

A mute, eager inquiry flashed from the lady's eyes.

"A waiter, ma'am," I said in reply.

"My husband! my husband!" she joyfully gasped as a firm step sounded the next moment along the hall.

I stepped out, closing the door behind me.

"There she is sir," said Jim, turning away as he indicated me.

The gentleman was a large, princely looking man, though not so handsome as Mr. Fortescue. But the grand impress of a pure and noble soul was unmistakably marked on his face. He quickly approached me and said in anxious, rapid tones:

"You are Nannie Hoyt?"

"I am, sir," I replied, "and you are, I suppose——"

"Mr. Trevaine," he interrupted hurriedly. "My wife——"

"Is here sir," I answered as the door burst open and Mrs. Trevaine threw herself upon his bosom with a low cry of passionate love and delight.

"My darling! my sweet wife!" he exclaimed, bearing her into the room and caressing her fondly. "What does it all mean, love? Why are you here? You look ill. Are you quite safe, my precious one?"

For a little her only reply was sobs and passionate caresses. But at last she murmured, in answer to his reiterated question:

"Yes, dearest, safe, quite safe, thanks to the devotion of this noble girl."

Before he had time to reply my heart stood still at the sound of another step coming rapidly along the hall.

It was Mr. Fortescue. Attracted by the murmur of voices and the open door he came directly to the room, every feature quivering with excitement.

His eye had barely taken in the scene with a muttered "All is lost!" when Mr. Trevaine caught sight of him.

"Arnold! You here too!" he exclaimed in pleased surprise. "Did they telegraph——"

His words were arrested. With a low shriek Mrs. Trevaine sprung wildly toward the intruder.

"My husband! Don't! Don't!" she cried, in sharp, anguished tones.

But before she could reach him the hand which she had observed him thrust into his bosom was withdrawn.

"You *shall* go with me!" he exclaimed with a ghastly, evil smile, quickly turning the point of the deadly weapon he held full upon her.

The next instant two successive reports rang sharply through the room, and Mr. Trevaine, bending in speechless agony over the inanimate form of his wife, never heeded the miserable wretch lying dead across the doorway.

Nannie paused and shudderingly covered her eyes with her hand.

"And the poor lady!—was she killed?" I directly whispered.

"No, thanks to the Almighty Protector!" fervently answered Nannie as she uncovered her eyes and brushed away a tear. "The bullet merely grazed her shoulder, and then buried itself in the opposite wall.

"Both she and Mr. Trevain still live, the happiest of the happy, though now well on in years; and it is to them John and I are indebted for this beautiful little home of ours."

THE BRIDE'S ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

The custom, not to say fashion, of wearing orange blossoms as a bride, came originally from Spain. Our information of why the orange blossom was first worn in Spain as a bridal emblem is rather legendary; but we will venture to tell it here.

The first orange tree had been sent to a King of Spain (an Alphonso), as a great rarity; and the king was so charmed with the fragrance of its silvery blossoms, and not less with its golden fruit, that he ordered it to be kept as a real regal treasure. A special gardener was kept for this tree; he was also forbidden to appropriate any of its blossoms, fruit, or cuttings to himself; and his penalty would have been death itself, if he had disobeyed the royal command.

In due time, several young trees rejoiced the heart of the king, but also that of the gardener's son, a young fellow deeply in love with a certain dark-eyed Pepita. The only obstacle of this love was—as so often—poverty; but theirs was a secret scheme to obtain the money necessary for the little cottage and garden, where they would live like two turtle-doves. It was thus to be obtained: The orange trees of the king had become a regular Court gossip, and the French ambassador had tried all means (front stairs and back stairs) to obtain a young tree for his own most Christian Majesty—but in vain: King Alphonso was too jealous of his treasure to allow such a thing, and the old gardener cared too much for his own head. But there was another actor, or rather prompter, on the scene, who found the right way of obtaining a tree. This was Cupid, the dark-eyed Pepita's friend. By some means or other, the young gardener obtained the tree for the French ambassador, who paid him handsomely for it; and when Pepita was united to the former, she also wore a branch of orange blossoms in her dark hair, half hidden, it is true, under the lace mantilla, but conspicuous enough by their silvery whiteness.

Now, it came to pass that King Alphonso had spent a sleepless night—one of those sleepless nights of kings, the only true remedy of which was to rise early, and to go to an early devotion to some out-of-the-way church, where no one knew the sleepless majesties. Thus King Alphonso, only attended by one faithful servant, wended his way to the very church where our loving couple were to be united, "for better, for worse," that morning. His Majesty was attracted—kings are mortals—by the beauty of the fair Pepita, when she left the church, but also, alas! saw the branch of orange blossoms in her raven hair. Then the hot Andalusian blood rushed violently through his veins. How did they obtain the flowers? "On your knees—I am the king!"

Of course, the "murder was out"—on your knees, and ask for pardon. The bright, tear-dewed eyes of the fair bride did not ask in vain: the king's heart melted. But we do not know whether the tree smuggled away by the French ambassador was mentioned; probably it was forgotten in the hurry and fright, or the king's heart would not have melted so easily! It was merely the branch of silver blossom, broken off the tree to adorn the bride.

And this is the cause, our legend tells, why brides wear a branch of orange blossoms in their hair, in remembrance of that fair Spanish bride who won home and husband by it.

BEAUTY.

Let us see a female possessing that beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile. Let us see in her a kind of benevolent disposition, a heart that can sympathise with distress, and we never ask for the beauty that dwells in "ruby lips" or "flowing tresses," or "snowy hands," or the forty other et-ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. These fade when touched by the hand of Time; but those ever-enduring qualities of the heart shall outlive his reign, and grow brighter and fresher as the ages of eternity roll away.

JACOMO, THE THIEF.

BY J. A. S.

A few months ago I was conversing with the mate of the bark Flying Eagle, and he related the following story to me, which he said had actually happened, and I have no doubt of its truth. We were pacing the quarter-deck of the bark together, just about dark, as she was standing out to sea, when he turned suddenly towards me and exclaimed, "Did I ever tell you about my being locked up in China?"

"No," was my reply; "let us hear it."

"Well, in the spring of 1840 I was third mate in the ship Stampede, then lying at anchor off Canton, China, with a load of guano. On our way out we had had a cabin boy; but he had sickened and died a few weeks before the time of which I am speaking, and the captain's wife insisted upon getting another; so the captain hired a young Chinese and sent him aboard. The boy had the greatest propensity to steal that I ever saw in one so young; and not only had he the will, but he also had the skill requisite to carry out his pilfering projects. If you called him one side and said to him, 'Jacomo, go and bring me the old man's razor,' or any thing you could mention, he would be gone a few minutes and return with the article you required. I used to do this merely for amusement, and would always make him take back the things that he brought; but the sailors would frequently send him to steal brandy, sugar, and such things, which he always did without being discovered.

"Now the Captain had sixty dollars in gold locked up in a trunk in his state-room, and his gold watch, which he hung up every night at the head of his bunk. One morning, on awaking, he reached for his watch and it was gone; he called for Jacomo, and no Jacomo came. Enraged, he jumped from his bunk, put on some clothes, and went on deck to seek the boy; but nowhere could he be found. The eyes of the captain began to be opened; he rushed into the cabin to his trunk, where he kept his money. The key was in the lock and the gold was gone. The thing was now evident; Jacomo had stolen the money and escaped by swimming to the shore. How he had found the key no one could tell; but one thing was certain, the money was gone, and there was now small hope of capturing the thief. Thus thought the captain, and thus thought all belonging to the cabin.

"For two or three days matters went on as usual, when, one afternoon, as the men were setting the captain ashore, something was seen floating on the surface of the water. It looked like a pair of white pantaloons, such as are worn by the Chinese workmen. The captain ordered the men to row to the spot and see what it was. On approaching the object all were surprised and shocked to recognize the bloated corpse of Jacomo, with his brains dashed out and a string around his neck. Here was a mystery; none could tell by whom he had been murdered. The authorities were made acquainted with the affair, and every soul on board, except the captain and his wife and daughter, were arrested and put in prison.

"Forty days was I in that wretched old calaboose before any light could be thrown on the bloody deed. The Chinese magistrates tried their utmost to solve the mystery. It was not till the captain's method was adopted that the true murderers were found out. He caused each one of the crew to be brought separately before him, and swear with his hand on the Bible that he had no knowledge of the murder. Several were sworn, till at length one, a Frenchman, was observed to falter. On being questioned sharply why he did not proceed, he threw himself upon his knees and said he would confess all. The story he related, as afterwards told by the captain, was as follows:

"'My accomplices,' said he, 'are two of the crew, an Englishman and an American. We learned by accident, from Jacomo, that sixty dollars were in the Captain's trunk, and we resolved from that moment to instigate the boy to rob him. He very readily agreed, and withdrew to watch for a lucky opportunity. That opportunity soon came; the captain, on unlocking his trunk one night, left the key in the lock, being suddenly called upon deck for something, and being there some time, he forgot all about the circumstance, and turned in without removing the key. About midnight Jacomo came softly forward to us, clinking the money in one hand and holding the captain's watch in the other. The Englishman whispered to us to catch the boy and kill him to prevent all risk of discovery. 'And,' said he, 'our shares will be the greater.' We acted according to this suggestion. One of us caught the boy and strangled him, while another dashed out his brains with an iron belaying pin. We then tied a heavy weight around his neck and threw him into the stream. After the deed was committed we were terrified at what we had done, and agreed to bury the money and watch in the guano till all search was over. So we dug a hole by a beam near the main-hatch, in which we put the stolen goods.'

"And this ended the man's confession. The Chinese magistrates, on being acquainted with the particulars of the transactions, ordered the three murderers to be hung. The remainder of the crew were set free. But a difficulty now arose; no one could be found to hang the culprits, and I suppose they would have been unhanged yet if the Frenchman had not very generously volunteered to execute the other two prisoners, provided his own life should be spared. This was agreed to, and two of the villains were put to death, while the other was allowed to go about his business.

"The captain when he had ascertained where the money was situated, set the men to digging for it at the spot indicated, he overlooking them as they worked. For several hours they dug steadily, but not a dollar was found, neither was the watch. The captain turned reluctantly away and ordered the men to desist, giving up the last hope of ever seeing his property again.

"Now the mate of the ship was a man to raise suspicions of some mean action the moment you placed your eyes on him. He was one of those persons who can never look you in the face, but move around with a soft, cat-like tread, which continually puts you in mind of that animal. I had taken a dislike to this person from the moment I came on board, and he had never endeavored to remove the aversion, so that we did not stand on the best of terms. I had my suspicions from the moment we were convinced that the money was not in the spot where the Frenchman confessed it had been placed.

"As I was passing the mate's room that night I saw a light gleam through the key-hole, and it came into my head to look into the room. The mate was standing with his back to the door, looking over his trunk. But as I looked, he turned suddenly around with a convulsive start—for the guilty always imagine themselves watched. By that movement he was ruined; for as he turned I saw the captain's watch glitter in his hand. My worst suspicions were confirmed. I went to the captain's room, awoke him, and told him my suspicions and the manner in which they were confirmed. He said the matter should be looked into next morning, and turned on his side and went to sleep. Morning came, and at the breakfast-table the captain, after remaining some time in thought, suddenly said to the mate: 'Mr. Smith, do you know anything about the money that young Chinaman stole from me?'

"'I, sir?' exclaimed the mate, in evident surprise. 'No, sir, I do not.'

"'I have reason to think you do, sir.'

"'I cannot see why you should doubt my word when I tell you I do not,' replied Mr. Smith, somewhat agitated.

"'Will you allow your trunk to be searched, sir?'

"'I would willingly, sir, but I have unfortunately lost my key, and cannot get at it myself,' growing pale all the while.

"'How long has it been lost, sir?'

"'I have not had it, sir, these two weeks.'

"'The trunk will have to be forced, then.'

"'Very well, sir,' replied the mate, rising from the table, and moving towards the room.

"'I request your presence here, sir, until your trunk has been searched,' the captain said, coldly.

"Mr. Smith sneaked to a seat, and the search commenced. After a few minutes' absence in the mate's room, the captain returned with the gold pieces in one hand and the watch in the other.

"'These we found in your trunk, sir,' said he, sternly; 'and let me tell you, I have no further occasion for your services.'

"The mate was thunderstruck. He could not say a word. Half an hour after he was standing on the shore with the unlucky trunk beside him, and a short time after he disappeared and was seen no more by the crew of the Stampede.

"I think I forgot to mention that the search for the money did not commence till the morning after the information had been given, thus leaving a night which the mate, who was acquainted with the facts, had improved by digging up the money and hiding it in his trunk; and but for the timely discovery of his crime he might have kept the money and none been the wiser.

"His dismissal left vacant the position of first mate, to which the second was promoted, while I stepped quietly into the place of the latter. So you see the double theft did not turn out so badly for me, after all, though bad enough for its perpetrators. But hark! there go eight bells, and I must turn in."

A CHAPTER ON GHOSTS.

Our reading has told us that the ancients were great believers in ghosts. They even went so far as to say that every man had three, which after death were all separately and differently disposed of. The first descended to the infernal regions; the second ascended to the skies; and the third hovered about the tomb, having a preference for things terrestrial, and being unable to sever its old connections. This theory, which we do not for a moment adopt, has done more to lessen our respect for the erudition of the ancients on this one subject than anything else we know of.

Those who profess to be learned in matters connected with ghosts affirm that they do not make their appearance without some good and special reason for so doing; such as the discovery of a murder, for instance, or to effect the restoration of property to its rightful owners when withheld fraudulently from them. This is a serious mistake. It depends entirely upon the character the dead person bore while living, his habits, etc. Sometimes, it is said, their object in revisiting the world is to inform their heir in what secret drawer of some old cabinet, or in what trunk, maybe, they had hidden the title-deeds of the estate, or in what precise spot money and plate had been buried. Now, if there be any errand concerning which we should be more than pleased to have a ghost visit us, it is this identical one.

We will now state a few of the popular beliefs relative to ghosts. Their usual time for appearing is midnight; this is undoubtedly correct. No ghosts can appear on Christmas Eve—this is also true; in proof of it, see the tragedy of "Hamlet," wherein says Marcellus:

"It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Persons born on Christmas Eve cannot see spirits.

Ghosts commonly appear in the same dress they usually wore while living. This is reliable. It is seldom they are seen robed entirely in white. The latter is the conventional church-yard ghost, for whom no well-read person entertains respect. It is also a fact that if there is a lighted candle in a room, and a ghost makes its appearance, the flame will burn extremely blue. More particularly is this the case if the ghost, during its lifetime, was much given to profanity. The female ghost is much more loquacious than the male; this requires no corroboration. It is a fact universally accepted among the learned. Dogs are said to be very quick to perceive ghosts. If you are troubled by the importunities of a spirit, address it in the Latin tongue; it never fails to strike them with terror. If you are unacquainted with the language, come as near to it as you can. Ghosts have an innate horror of being confined in the Red Sea. All these peculiarities are too well known to require proof. Ghosts never carry tapers; they never drag chains, except some of those who, while living, existed under a despotism; they do not wear black vestments, although, in the quaint old ballad of "William and Margaret," occurs this couplet:

"And clay cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud."

Who ever heard of a sable shroud? The man who wrote these lines was only a poet, and, in all probability, entirely unacquainted with the habits and fashions prevailing among disembodied spirits. The word "sable" before shroud was used by him solely to contrast with "lily" before hand. This is one of the tricks of the trade.

If you want to see a ghost, you must firmly believe in them. In the second place, take opium. We do not promise you you *will* see one, mind; but this plan seldom fails. The coming of a ghost is announced by a variety of loud and dreadful noises, generally compared to the rumbling of a coach and six, to the rolling of cannon balls, etc. But these are altogether inadequate to convey the smallest impression of the accompanying sounds. You need, then, never to be taken by surprise, although numberless instances are on record where this has happened.

GRIEF never sleeps; it watches continually like a jealous husband. All the world groans under its sway, and it fears that, by sleeping, its clutch will become loosened, and its prey then escape.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

'Twas he same in the summer-time,
When roses their bright chains strung;
And love and nature were in their prime,
And Jessie was fair and young.
They wandered by wood and stream,
They vowed to be fond and true;
And made the most of their summer dream,
As lovers are wont to do.

He went: and the autumn winds stole
The red from the rose's heart;
With dead leaves covered the verdant knoll,
And tore the lilies apart.
She watched where her lover's bark
Went out, with its sails unfurled;
And she sighed, "Ah, me! but the sky is dark,
And I am alone in the world!"

For him it was only a dream,
With beauty and fragrance rife;
But woman—ah! woman are apt to deem
Such moments the best of life.
And she from her heights of bliss
To sorrow and darkness hurled,
Must learn a lesson as sad as this—
'Tis the way of a wicked world!

'Tis the way of the world to slight
The prize that is lightly won;
'Tis the way of the world to smile, or smite,
When a ruthless deed is done.
As we watch our bright ships depart,
With their beautiful sails unfurled,
The frosts of winter steal into the heart,
And darkness covers the world!

OYSTERS.

The luxurious Romans achieved great wonders in the art of fish culture, and spared neither labor nor money in order to gratify their palates. The Italians sent to the shores of Britain for their oysters, and then flavored them in large quantities on artificial beds. The value of a Roman gentleman's fish, in the palmy days of Italian banqueting, was represented by an enormous sum of money. The stock kept up by Lucullus was never worth less than $25,000. These classic lovers of good things had pet breeds of fish, in the same sense as gentlemen in the present day have pet breeds of sheep or horned cattle. Red mullet or fat carp, which sold for large prices, were not at all unusual. We can learn of as much as $600 being given for a single mullet, and more than three times that amount for a dish of the same fish. Such enormous sums of money were lavished in the buying, rearing, and taming of the mullet, that it led to those who devoted their time and purse to that purpose being satirized as mullet-millionaires.

One noble Roman is said to have gone to a fabulous expense to bring a tunnel through a mountain, so that he might obtain a plentiful supply of salt water for his fish-ponds. Sergius Orata invented artificial oyster-beds, and had constructed for him at Baiæ, on the Lucrine Sea, great reservoirs, where he grew the dainty mollusc in thousands. In order that he and his friends might have this renowned shell-fish in its very highest perfection, he also built a palace on the coast, near to his oyster-ponds, and thither he resorted when he wanted to have a fish-dinner, free from the cares and turmoil of business. We are told that we owe the original idea of pisciculture to this Sergius Orata, who, it is stated, cultivated the bivalve for profit as well as for his own pleasure.

The modern phase of fish-breeding is entirely a commercial one, which, as yet, does not lie in imparting fanciful flavors to the fish, although, if such were wanting, it might easily enough be accomplished, but has developed itself in the replenishing of exhausted streams with salmon, trout, or other kinds of fish.

The name of the courageous individual who ate the first oyster has not been recorded; but there is a legend concerning him to the following effect: Once upon a time—it must be a prodigious long time ago, however—a man of melancholy mood, who was walking by the ocean-shore, and listening to the monotonous tone of the sad sea-waves, espied a very old and ugly oyster, all coated over with parasites and sea-weeds. It was so unprepossessing that he kicked it with his foot, upon which the animal, astonished at receiving such rude treatment on its own domain, gaped wide with indignation. Noticing the beautiful cream-colored layers that shone within the shelly covering, and fancying the interior of the shell itself to be beautiful, he lifted up the aged mollusc for further examination, inserting his finger within the shells. The irate bivalve, thinking, no doubt, that this was meant as a further insult, snapped his pearly doors close upon the digit of the intender, causing him some little pain. After releasing his wounded finger, the inquisitive gentleman very naturally put it in his mouth.

"Delightful!" exclaimed he, opening wide his eyes. "What is this?" and again he sucked his finger.

Then the great truth flashed upon him that he had found out a new delight—had, in fact, actually achieved the most important discovery ever made up to that date. He proceeded at once to the verification of his thought, and, taking up a stone, he forced open the doors of the oyster, and gingerly tried a piece of the mollusc itself. Delicious was the result; and so, there and then, with no other condiment than the juice of the animal, with no foaming porter or pale chablis to wash down the repast, did the solitary anonymous man inaugurate the oyster banquet.

There is a striking family resemblance between this story and Charles Lamb's humorous description of the Chinaman's discovery of the taste of roast pork, in which he tells us that the celestial, having burnt his finger in touching the carcass of a pig that had been roasted in the conflagration of his house, suddenly thrust it, with some of the meat adhering to it, into his mouth; and that the discoverer of the new delight was afterwards wont, when he desired a repetition of the gastronomic pleasure, to set his house, with a pig inside, on a blaze, until he learned that an Animal could be roasted without the necessity of committing his residence to the flames.

Another version of the oyster story is to the effect that the man who ate the first bivalve was compelled to do so for a punishment.

Ever since the apocryphal period of this legend men have gone on eating oysters. Poets, princes, pontiffs, orators, statesmen, and wits have gluttonized over the oyster-beds. Oysters were at one time, it is true, in danger of being forgotten. From the fourth century to about the fifteenth they were not much in use; but from that date to the present time the demand has never slackened. Going back to the times which we now regard as classic, we find that Vitellius ate oysters all day long, and some people insinuate that he could eat as many as a thousand at one sitting—a happiness too great for belief. Callisthenes, the philosopher of Olympus, was also a passionate oyster-eater; and so was Caligula, the Roman tyrant. The wise Seneca dallied over his few hundreds every week, and the great Cicero nourished his eloquence with the dainty. The Latin poets sang the praises of the oyster, and the fast men of ancient Rome enjoyed the poetry during their carouse.

FACETIÆ

A DISH FOR A LAWER.—Suet.

VENISON—Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

THE spanking period is appropriately called the palmy days of childhood.

A NEW DEFINITION.—A nun is now set down as an organized old maid.

A SNUFF-TAKER'S TOAST.—"He that is not a friend at a pinch, is not worth a snuff."

WHY are the Marys the most amiable of the sex?—because they can always be Molly-fied.

THE essentials of a watering-place may be literally crammed up thus:—Sea, salt, sun, sand, shrimps, shells, steamers, ships, and sailors.

AN urchin being rebuked for wearing out his stockings at the toes, replied that it couldn't be helped, "Toes wriggled and heels didn't."

"OLD age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, stick in hand.

FROM AN UNHAPPY SPOUSE.—Man's happiness is said to hang on a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is always off.

EARLY PIETY.—Little Girl—"Mamma, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious people."

Mamma—"Why not, my child?"

Little Girl—"Because you can never make them kneel. I always have to lay my doll down to say its prayers."

AN engagement in Lancaster has been abruptly broken off. The gentleman saw one of his sweetheart's stockings floating from a clothes line, and the dilapidated condition of its extremities caused an immediate revulsion of feeling on his part. The lady always darns her stockings now before washing them.

THEODORE HOOK was at some large party or other where the lady of the house was more than usually earnestly anxious to get him to make sport for her guests. A ring formed round him of people only wanting a word's encouragement to burst out into a violent laugh. "Do, Mr. Hook, do favor us!" said the lady for the hundredth time. "Indeed, madam, I can't; I can't, indeed. I am like that little bird, the canary; can't lay my eggs when any one is looking at me."

WELL DONE.—Young housekeepers have to acquire knowledge of domestic duties by careful gradation. A bride having occasion to boil eggs for breakfast, got the desired time for their cooking, and put them in. Her husband liked his eggs soft, and three minutes was the time required to make them palatable. She stationed herself in front of the clock, because she did not dare to depend on her memory, and stared at its face with awful intensity.

Here her husband found her when he came into the kitchen, and finding out what she was doing asked her how long the eggs had been in.

"One minute," she answered.

He went to the sink and turned over the pans, and spread out his legs in front of the glass and felt of his nose, and moved to the window and stared out at the scenery. Finally he said: "Ain't they about done, Maria?"

"Not yet," she said.

"It seems to me those eggs have been cooking fifteen minutes," he explained.

"Well, they 'aint been cooking but a minute and a half by this clock," she positively asserted.

"Then all I've got to say," explained the fidgety man after a pause, "is, that it is the longest minute and a half I ever saw."

There was another pause.

"Well, Maria," he broke out, "let's have the eggs, and I will run the risk. I know it is half an hour since I came in here."

"Do you suppose I'm blind, and can't see a clock? It is only two minutes since those eggs were put in the water. Here is the hand," said she, pointing to the hour hand, "and it has only gone over those two dots, and each one of them is a minute, 'aint it?"

"Yes, each one of them is a minute when the minute hand indicates them," he coincided with smothered sarcasm; "but when the hour hand does it each one of them is twelve minutes, and as we have got no cold chisel I shall be obliged to omit eggs on this occasion."

And with this he plumped moodily into a chair, and she burst into tears.

TWO SIDES OF A LAW QUESTION.—Mr. Barnes, of Vermont, as a lawyer, had the happy faculty of impressing his clients that justice and law were with them in all cases. A rough countryman walked into the office of Mr. Barnes one day, and began his application thus: "Sir, I have come to get your advice in a case that has given me some trouble."

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Suppose now," said the client, "that a man has a fine spring of water on his land, and his neighbor below him was to build a dam across a creek running through both their farms, and it was to back the water up into the old man's spring, what ought to be done?"

"Sue him, sir—sue him, by all means!" said the lawyer, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his client's wrongs. "You can recover heavy damages, sir. Just give me the case, and I'll get the money from him; and if he hasn't a good deal of property, it will break him up, sir."

"But, stop!" cried the terrified applicant for legal advice; "it's me that built the dam, and it's neighbor Jones that owns the spring, and he's threatening to sue me!"

The keen lawyer hesitated but a moment before he tacked ship and went on: "Ah! Well, sir, you say you built a dam across that creek. What sort of a dam was it, sir?"

"It was a mill-dam."

"A mill-dam for grinding grain, was it?"

"Yes, it was just that."

"And it's a good neighborhood for a mill, is it?"

"So it is, sir; you may well say so."

"And all your neighbors bring their grain to be ground, do they?"

"Yes, sir, all but Jones."

"Then it's a great public convenience, is it not?"

"To be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It's so far to any other mill, sir."

"And now," said the old lawyer, "you tell me that that man Jones is complaining just because the water from your dam happens to back up into his little spring, and he is threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him sue, and he'll rue the day he ever thought of it, as sure as my name is Barnes."

The result of that law-suit has never transpired.

LOVE OR MONEY.

BY F. E. L.

There were three Miss Gillots, spinsters, who lived with their Uncle Gillet, a bachelor, in their old house at Atwater; and in pointing them out to strangers, the Atwaterites were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was love or money with them, and that a Miss Gillet who married would cease to be her uncle's heiress.

Nobody knew how much Mr. Gillet was "worth," but that he was uncommonly wealthy was certain. He had no other living relations but these three girls; and his peculiar prejudices rendered it unlikely that he would will his wealth away to any benevolent or public institution whatever. So to whom could he leave the gold that he could not take out of the world with him, unless it were to Georgina, Millicent, and Dolly Gillet?

All regularly instituted public charities Mr. Gillet declared were "frauds;" and friends he had none. Averred that friendship was "all humbug." As for marriage, it was, in his opinion, something which all sensible people eschewed.

The fact that in his earliest youth a dear friend had stolen from him the affections of the girl to whom he was betrothed, was at the bottom of all this. He trusted no one, because the two beings he had once loved and trusted utterly had deceived him.

When his brother and his wife both died in one week of a fever, the bachelor uncle had done his best for the young people. He managed their little income, and provided luxuries for them which their means would not have allowed. He educated them, and allowed them a few female friends. But as they grew up, one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no courting, and no marrying beneath his roof. Beaux were utterly forbidden; and it was understood in the family that a Miss Gillet who married would be blotted from her uncle's will.

"What infatuation! They'll fight like cats and dogs in a year," he would exclaim when wedding cards were sent to him. "Take warning by this poor couple, who don't know what is before them, girls. Oh, what infatuation!"

And Miss Georgina Gillet would shake her head, and her younger sisters would follow her example, and they would cry in chorus, "What infatuation!"

They were pretty girls, tall, slender, red-cheeked, and blue-eyed; little ears like pearl, little mouths like coral, dainty waists, and cunning hands—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillet's money. So they grew up and grew older, still single, and not one of them had a thought of marriage in all her life.

There was Oliver Robb, who had followed Georgina about to and from church for a year. I don't think he wanted the heiress; I believe he loved the girl; but what use was it? Georgie had given him a glance or two, and he had found favor in her sight; but he had only a clerk's salary, and it would be so delightful to handle thousands of her own. And Millicent had met Rufus King in the apple orchard once or twice; but Dolly had never had even a passing flirtation—Dolly who was now eighteen, and prettiest of the three.

It was a well-understood matter in the village, as well as in the family, that marrying a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance. Dr. Rush (a handsome young medical man) had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillet, having a touch of rheumatism, sent for him to prescribe. He had always thought the three slender girls, with ripe, round cheeks, dappled with peach color, the prettiest things he had ever seen; but when he stood face to face with Dolly, he fell in love with her. He looked after her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gillet looked at him sharply.

"My niece is a pretty girl," he said. "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl, too. They are all sensible girls; they prefer a single life and pecuniary independence, to the miseries of marrying."

"By your advice, I believe sir," observed the doctor.

"They consider me a man of experience, and I'm entitled to respect."

"But are you not rather hard, sir?" said the doctor. "A beautiful girl like that——"

"Hard?" cried Uncle Gillet. "What's love worth? It fades in a week, and is stone dead in a year. What do men give their wives but deceit and neglect? Either the wife deceives the husband, or the husband the wife. Better never to love than to see love die. Dolly's a dear little girl. I hope she'll never fling herself into any one's arms, to be dropped when the sweetness has been kissed out. That's a wife's destiny. If she ever does, no money of mine ever goes into the brute's pockets."

"All the fault is on the man's side?" asked the doctor.

"It's a miserable muddle altogether, this marriage," said Uncle Gillet; "don't talk about it any more."

Dr. Rush did not, at that time; but about dusk next evening, Dolly, crossing the bridge just out of Atwater, paused to look down into the water; and then and there some one came behind her and said, "Miss Gillet!"

She turned with a start. It was Dr. Rush, "It is growing so late that I mean to see your home," he said. "I have just left the good uncle; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution, and is a man to live to a hundred years old."

"I am very glad," said Dolly.

"I think you are seventeen," said the doctor, smiling.

"Well," cried Dolly, "ladies don't tell their ages; but I am that and a year more."

"Your uncle is fifty," said the doctor. "You'll probably be sixty-seven when he takes his departure."

"My goodness!" cried Dolly; "how terribly old!"

"You don't really mean to live single all that time?" asked Dr. Rush.

"Of course I do," said Dolly, as innocently as possible.

"I don't mean to let you," said the doctor. "I'm in love with you. If mortal love has any power, I'm going to call you my wife. Confound the money! I'll give you all you want. Of course you don't care for me; but I'll make you. Do you want me to swear it?"

"Oh, mercy! no," said Dolly. "You are very nice, and I'm sure I—but I don't. I can't ever. Oh, goodness! don't talk so."

"You can't ever like me?" asked the doctor, insinuatingly.

"No, I don't mean that," said Dolly. "I can't ever marry."

"But you'll take a walk over the bridge to-morrow?" said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly.

And so she did. She took a great many, and at last, one day, Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger, and to kiss her hand.

"I shan't have a penny," said Dolly. "You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor.

"And uncle will be so angry?" said Dolly demurely.

"But I am so glad!" said Dr. Rush. "And you must tell the truth at once, and marry me in a month. Promise, Dolly."

Dolly promised.

Georgina and Milly sat at work together that evening, while Uncle Gillet read to them. Dolly was not sewing. She held the work, it is true, but her hand never moved towards the needle. She did not hear a word that was uttered; but when at last there came a pause, she dropped the muslin and started to her feet.

"If you please, uncle," she said, "there's something I must tell. I can't keep it secret any longer. It isn't a bad thing—it's a good thing; only I knew you'd be angry. I'm going to marry Dr. Rush."

Georgina and Milly screamed in chorus.

"We don't care for losing the money," said Dolly. "Money is nothing compared with love; but we want to be friends here at home. As for things left in wills, it's a miserable sort of hope. I'm glad I shan't have any. If you'll only not be angry, and come to see us, and let us come to see you, that's all we hope. He's perfectly splendid, dear Richard Rush is. I love him awfully; and we're to be married this day month, no matter what anybody says."

"You are, eh?" said Uncle Gillet.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly.

"And he knows my opinions?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that I'll never have a penny."

"Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet.

"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or executions."

So the wedding came off.

Dolly, in white muslin, married her Richard Rush. Georgina and Millicent wept, as custom required, and spoke of their sister as "poor Dolly." They were very kind, as to a beloved, but misguided lunatic, and gave her useful presents, and promised to do all they could for her.

Dolly did not feel that she wanted anything. They seemed poor to her, those heiresses who had no one to love them. She went to her husband's home, and never a cloud came between them, and never a change fell upon their love.

Uncle Gillet never made them a present; but he came to dine sometimes, and always kissed the last baby. As for the Misses Gillet, they had no means at command, though they had such fine prospects. Oliver Robb had been dismissed long before by Georgina. She had told him plainly that she could not sacrifice mammon to love. And Millicent had had another meeting with Rufus King in the orchard.

"It's the last time, Milly," Rufus had said. "I can't go on offering myself for ever; but I love you better than my life, and always shall."

"I like you, Rufus," said Milly, "and it seems hard; but uncle will not relent. I can't lead a poor woman's life even for you."

"Then good-bye, Milly," said Rufus. "There's no love where money can be set against it."

So they parted. And now Georgina was forty, and Milly thirty-eight, and Dolly thirty-five.

Business was worse with the doctor. A richer practitioner had taken much of his practice.

Dr. Rush trudged over the country, in all weathers and at all hours; and so one night some ruffian, who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place, and left him for dead.

A farmer going homeward early, carried him in his cart, and he was cared for as well as he might be; but a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn. She was only sure of one thing, her love for Richard, which grew greater with every trial.

For the sake of this she put her pride down, and leaving the servant with her husband one day, trudged over to her uncle's house. As she drew near, she reflected on the fact that she was actually in need of charity. It was a bitter thought.

She paused within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on; and as she did so, she saw that all the blinds were down. Some one was dead.

Faint with terror, Dolly hurried on. In the hall, her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner table, and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement. But they put their arms about Dolly, and promised her to do all they could.

"Just now it isn't much," said Georgina. "But we shall be rich women and will help you constantly."

"I knew poor Dr. Rush couldn't get on," said Milly. "Poor dear man! He shall see that we can be friends; and if you like, we'll take two of the children."

"Never that," said poor Dolly. "Thank you, but they are our jewels."

Georgina smiled.

"Uncle meant kindly," she said. "But it is hard. We're lonely sometimes, Dolly; Milly only meant that."

Then Dolly's heart melted.

"They shall come to see you often," she said.

And she went into the dead man's chamber and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her dole of wine and jelly, and a few sovereigns.

"We'll be able to do so much more," said Milly, "when the will has been read."

"You've paid dearly for yielding to me, Dolly," said the suffering man, as she ministered to him. "Don't you wish you were still Miss Gillet and an heiress?"

But Dolly said "No" from her heart. Neither did she feel anything but tender sorrow for the prejudiced old man, whom she had been very fond of. "I chose," she said to herself, "and I chose well."

She went to the funeral, Georgina sending her the black dress. And as she sat in the parlor afterwards, awaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering of the saids and aforesaids made no impression upon her, until her own name caught her ear. Then she looked up. Millicent and Georgina were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked timidly. "I did not hear."

Millicent had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was crying. Georgina had flushed red as a peony.

"It means that we've been slaves all these years for nothing," she said. "You are the heiress. What have you been thinking of, that you have not heard?"

What Georgina said was true. Eccentric to the last, Uncle Gillet had left all his fortune to the niece who had married, because, as he stated, she had proved to him that there was such a thing as love in the world; and had left to his single nieces, who had crushed their hearts for money's sake, five hundred dollars a year, lest some fortune-hunter should marry them for their money.

Yes, Dolly was the heiress; and Dr. Rush might take his own time in getting well, and have no anxiety about money; and for this reason Dolly was glad; but she said to her sisters that what was hers was theirs, and soothed them with tender, loving kindness for their great disappointment.

Georgina lives with her still, but Millicent does not. Rufus King heard of what had happened, and came back to Atwater. He had a bald head, and her pink cheeks were gone; but they both remembered the apple orchard, and so there was another wedding. And somebody told me, the other day, that Oliver Robb, having lost his first wife, had been heard to say that Georgina Gillet was the finest-looking lady in Atwater, if she was forty. So who knows what may happen next?

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE."

"For better, for worse," said my uncle. He looked at me wistfully and inquiringly for a moment, then dropped his head upon the cane that he was holding upright between his knees, as was his usual custom, and repeated in musing tones, "For better, for worse—for better, for worse."

I had been telling him that I had promised, last night, to marry Robert Patterson. Though quite dependent upon my uncle, it was not my way to ask either his advice or consent to any move I chose to make, and the wedding was to take place within a month.

"I do not like Robert Patterson," he said, "and I feel quite sure that you will not be happy with him. Have you fully made up your mind to marry him?"

"Of course I have, uncle," I answered, and laughed in his dear old face.

"He is not worthy of you. Can't you give him up?"

"No, I can't," I replied, spitefully. Then, in milder tones, "I cannot give him up, for he loves me, and I love him."

"It's settled then?" he asked, with a shadow coming over the dear loving old face that I had so often called weak, and that I knew was plain and rough. "Tell me what your plans are, Bella, and I will do all I can to forward them. Your lot shall not want brightness that your old uncle can bestow."

I did not consult my uncle again; but often in the month that followed, I saw him sitting moody and sorrowful, with his head upon his cane, and the murmured words upon his lips, "For better, for worse." Sometimes they chilled me like a prediction of evil, for I could not help thinking that he feared the "worse" far more than he hoped for the "better."

And when the month was ended, I became the wife of Robert Patterson, and went away to the new home which was my uncle's wedding gift to me.

I had no forebodings. Never dawned a new life more brightly than mine. Loving, beloved, rich, surrounded by every luxury, there was not a cloud in my sky nor an obstacle in my path. How could there be any "worse" in such a life?

Ah, the question had its answer at last. The "better" came at first—a brief, delirious dream of joy which I clung to half unconsciously, and would not wake from, even though the storm began to beat wildly about my head.

My loving old uncle had judged Robert Patterson aright. He was an utterly selfish and unprincipled man. When I became ill, and was confined to the house with a babe also ill, he sought for pleasure elsewhere, drank and gambled recklessly, and in a few years squandered his own and my fortune, with which I had foolishly attempted to span the yawning gulf of ruin before us. Then, when the final crash came, he disappeared from the scene where he was no longer safe.

And so closed the first sad chapter of my life. Six years later, I put the seal upon the sepulchre of this sorrowful Past, when I learned that Robert had died—alone, deserted, but penitent—in a distant city.

All these years I had lived secluded in my uncle's house. His tender, loving kindness was a great support and comfort to me; and greater still were the infant charms, and the simple, intense love of my little Grace, my only surviving child. With the dear, unselfish old man, and the sweet, winning child, I could not be all miserable. In truth, I was happier in these years than I had been since my ill-starred marriage.

It was not long after tidings of Robert's death came, that my uncle, now an aged man, was stricken with his last brief illness. Grace and I were beside him to the last. It was but little, truly, that our loving cares should be given to this best of friends, but it comforted us when he was gone, as it had cheered him while he remained with us. At last, the chill of utter loneliness fell upon us for we were indeed alone.

Still youthful mistress of all around me, and encumbered but by one well-endowed child, my doors were hardly opened to the world again, than I found myself the centre of attraction to fortune-hunters.

My friends expressed great astonishment, then, when I gave my hand to Herbert Moore, and I doubt not felt chagrined and somewhat aggrieved. They thought with my wealth, beauty, and the mysterious prestige of great and undeserved misfortune about me, that I should have wedded with *eclat*, and made a nine days' wonder in the glories of a brilliant match. But I thought differently, and was happy.

Herbert Moore was the young curate of our parish. Young, I say, for I was thirty-five, and his years just equaled mine. He had no wealth but his great heart, his disciplined intellect, his fervent piety. I loved him as I once thought I loved Robert Patterson; but, oh! how far deeper, more intense, absorbing, thorough, was this second love!

Both of us had been disciplined in the rough ways of life, and had profited thereby.

And so it has proved. Ten years have I been the happy wife of Herbert Moore.

PLEASURES OF HOME.

The beneficent ordination of Divine Providence is, that *home* should form our character. The first object of parents should be to make home interesting. It is a bad sign whenever children have to wander from the parental roof for amusement. Provide pleasure for them around their own fireside, and among themselves. The excellent Leigh Richmond pursued this plan; had a museum in his house, and exerted every nerve to interest his little flock. A love of home is one of the greatest safeguards in the world to man. Do you ever see men who delight in their own firesides, lolling about in taverns? Implant this sentiment early in a child; it is a mighty preservative against vice.

MEN willingly believe what they wish to be true.

PROFANITY never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

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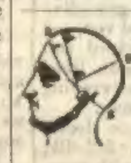

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THE BOUDOIR

FASHION NOTES AND QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

In searching for novelties, since our last article, we are quite surprised at the uniformity that governs the importations and styles of to-day. Novelties are few and far between, and many of the designs put out earlier in the season by modistes have been rejected by leaders of fashion; so that the eccentricities designed to lead have met with a sudden death-blow.

IN HATS

we find an introduction of the crownless hat, and, while we mention it, we have no idea for an instant that they are to be adopted by women of sense or taste. Perhaps a few of our fashionables, who have become accustomed to them abroad, may don them for a little while; but to say that we stay-at-homes are to go about with our hair poked out through the tops of our bonnets, is preposterous indeed.

A DESCRIPTION

of them will perhaps interest the many, and we will say, they are rings of chip or lace, sufficiently large to fit on the top of the head; these are sometimes plainly bound; again they have Chinese silk or lace about them, or scarfs of two colors, and mounted with flowers. These arch across the top, like the climbing rose over the open trellis; and thus they become a hat, void of streamers, drooping vines, loops, cape, or anything like the hat of old.

IN SACQUES,

we find many are determined to maintain them against mantillas, and see many in cashmere and *drap de ete*, literally covered with jets. Many purchase the sacques neatly made, and trimmed with lace; then purchasing beads, dot the sacque closely all over with loops of the beads, say six beads on a thread in a place. The lace is quite as easily beaded; and the sacque that would cost in a fashionable store $28 or $30 can be gotten up in this way for $15 or $18.

FANS.

We recently reveled in a choice importation of fans, and found everything one could wish. The medium-sized fan is more sought after than the immensely large ones of last season; and those in black silk, delicately painted in colors, are thought to be the choicest fan of the season; and the nicety and rarity of these fans is, they are painted and monogramed to order.

THE HAIR.

As a matter of necessity, if crownless hats are worn, the hair *must* be worn high; and with the warm weather we see the disposition to coil the hair or arrange it in finger puffs increases, and the front is loosely waved, with a bow of blue or rose ribbon on the left side, and another to match just back of the top puffs.

Brunettes wear either scarlet ribbons or flowers, and the scarlet verbena, both on the head, and a bouquet for the corsage, are specially recommended.

FICHUS

are much sought after, and the Marie Antoinette are as ever special favorites. Many of them are in point lace, some in black, and some white, and others in a mixture of ribbon, tulle, and lace. Doubtless, all know the shape, round at the back, and ending in short points in front. It crosses on the breast, and the ends are confined in the belt or are fastened by tiny bouquets.

CHILDREN'S SUITS

were never offered in greater variety than the present season, and so reasonable, too. Those in gray linen, for tiny youths not yet in pants, are made with a slightly kilted skirt, and the waist either a short blouse, belted, or a real sailor waist, with broad collar, either of the linen itself or white linen, with a buttonholed edge. Larger suits are made with blouse pants and waist, the pants reaching just below the knee; and youths from seven to ten wear jackets and pants—lads of that age objecting seriously to the baby suits for boys of three and five.

Girls' suits are made in Gabrielles, and gored skirts with basque waists, sufficiently tight to define the form, still breadth enough given to allow the free use of the arms and chest. The basque part is usually in pointed tabs, both back and front, and sometimes rounded to form tabs upon the hips.

Linen is a favorite material for children, and now that they are braided by machine, the expense of a lovely ready-made suit is but a trifle more than if manufactured at home.

HATS

for boys are offered in a variety of shapes: the Prince Napoleon is entirely new; it is a dress hat of silk, either light or black, and more the shape of the silk dress hat worn by gentlemen than anything ever before offered for boys. To say we really admire these hats would be untrue, for to our mind they are too old-looking; still the juveniles fancy them, for they are the next thing to those worn by their paternals.

The gipsy is the favorite sun hat for both large and small of the fairer sex, and they are tilted over the face, confined at the sides, and trimmed with daisies or straw ornaments, or black velvet and wild grasses. The Normandy, of which other mention has been made, still proves the dress hat of to-day.

DRESS GOODS

have taken a lofty tumble, as they usually do at this season; and muslins, debeges, lawns, and grenadines are offered at tempting prices.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MADAME F—TE. As usual, many grenadines are made up with some pretty color for evening; for the street, this is always questionable taste. But a black grenadine with a loose blue or lemon-colored vest, and the ruffles, puffs, and flounces piped and bound with the color, and the sash lined the same, makes one of the prettiest evening dresses possible to get up for summer.

HATTIE LANG. Get a black lace sleeveless sacque. Some line with their fall silk, but they are more useful to wear with *everything* to be left unlined.

YOUNG MOTHER. Make your infant a suit of pique, or the under Gabrielle of cambric, with a tucked yoke, and tucks and needlework at the bottom; and then a coat and cape of pique braided, with medallions of needlework inserted.

MATE SENTER. Braids and curls are both worn. A stem braid costs $7; curls from $3 to $5—depending altogether upon style and quality. ALICE ETHEL.

WIT is not the produce of study; it comes almost as unexpected on the speaker as the hearer; one of the first principles of it is good temper; the arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles: when they fail in that, they become sarcasm.

A TALE OF CROQUET.

BY A. J. TAYLOR.

I played it over; I scarcely knew
A rover from a mallet.
She showed me what I had to do—
How will do I recall it!
That lesson fraught with so much bliss—
I'd almost said "much sorrow;"
For pleasures of a day like this
Oft-times are griefs to-morrow.

I played again, and yet again,
Until I grew so skillful
That I could beat my teacher;—then
She suddenly grew willful—
Pouted and sulked, would not be beat—
I croqueted her unfairly;
She knew I did, and stamped her feet;—
Oh, how I enjoyed it rarely!

At last the game was quite played out;
She hit the—what d'ye call it?—
I mean the stick, and won *sans doute*,
And I laid down my mallet.
And there, upon the smooth-mown grass,
I made a stroke, a bold one,—
Asked her through one more hoop to pass,
That hoop to be a gold one!

And she consented; hooped we were
To rove through life together;
And croquet on, as partners dear,
Through fine or stormy weather.
We've had our ups and downs, of course—
Missed hoops, been wired, and bullied;
But than things really might be worse—
We simply strive to keep our course,
Direct—content—unsullied.

HOW HE LOST HER.

BY CHARLES FLETCHER.

I knew Margaret was engaged, but I told her that I loved her.

"I don't know what you mean, sir?" she exclaimed, with an expressive lift of the jetty eyebrows; but the liquid orbs beneath avoided mine, and that encouraged me to be saucy in my turn.

"It is of no consequence that you should, of course; but you didn't imagine that you were going to flirt all the summer with a fellow of my stamp, and get off unsinged yourself?"

"Why not?" she laughed. "*You* don't seem seriously damaged."

"But I am. My heart is shrivelled crisp as a wafer."

"Really? Well, I don't know what can be done about it."

"I am going to show you." And so on, for half an hour. We spoke jestingly, both of us, but the laugh with each covered deeper feeling.

She was beautiful, my Margaret; fond of homage—as what woman is not?—and accustomed to receiving it. It was not her fault, after all, that I loved her, but her glory, as an honest man's love is always a true woman's glory; and Margaret was a true woman, though I had called her a flirt.

She was promised in marriage to Ross Bentley before she ever saw me, long enough. He had stopped a horse which had been running away with her, and so saved her life. When he asked her to give him what he had saved, what woman with gratitude and a whole heart would not have said "Yes" as she did? Besides, she loved him, for aught I knew. I had seen him, and he was a handsome enough man to win a woman's love, if beauty would do it.

A handsome couple, but somehow, seeing the two together, they did not seem to be fond of each other; and so I took courage. Certainly, Margaret never looked at Ross Bentley when I was by, as she had looked at me many a time that summer, as we two strolled along the beach.

Ross Bentley once stayed a week, and went back to town. He was a man of business, keenly devoted to money-making; fonder of that, I fancied, than of the beautiful woman he had won, and upon that imagining I hung another hope. Margaret was an heiress. If Margaret had been dowerless, I fancy that Mr. Bentley would never have wooed her. But how to prove it.

Margaret and I did not relapse into the old fashion of strolling about the beach by moonlight after Ross Bentley had come and gone, and we stopped looking and talking nonsense, watching each other furtively. I felt confident that Margaret was wondering if I had been jesting when I said I should give her up; and I was wondering if I had anything to do with those moods of pensiveness which had come upon my dark-eyed queen of late.

One day, I found her upon the balcony, with an open letter in her hand.

"I am a very fortunate girl," she said, glancing at the letter. "Did you know that Clark, Vernon & Co., the bankers in New York, failed last week?"

I had heard of it.

"The bulk of my fortune was in their hands at one time. I did not know but it was still. My guardian writes to tell me, however, that he removed it months ago."

I came forward eagerly at that, extending my hand.

"Permit me to congratulate you, Miss Stone."

Margaret laughed rather confusedly as she put her little hand in mine. I saw that she was surprised at my eagerness.

"Miss Stone," said I, "did you believe me when I said that I loved you, somewhere about a month ago?"

Margaret colored vividly, as she gave me a doubting look.

"Yes. What of it? Do you want to take it back now?" she laughed.

"Not I. But, in consideration of my great affection for you, I want you to do a favor for me."

"Name it," she said, looking puzzled.

"I am going up to New York to-morrow. Will you humor me by permitting me to be the bearer of a letter from yourself to Mr. Bentley?"

"This is an odd request."

"I am aware of it. Will you write to Mr. Bentley a letter, asking him to inquire into this matter of the bank failure, and let you know how serious a business it really is?"

"But I don't care about knowing."

"I do."

"Why not inquire yourself, then?"

"He has so much better facilities for investigation. The truth is, Miss Stone, I am very much interested in this failure, and Mr. Bentley can find out all about it for me. But I don't like to ask him to do so much for a comparative stranger."

Margaret looked doubtful still, but she wrote the letter, and I took it to the city the next day.

Ross Bentley grew slightly pale as he read,

"I suppose you know that the bulk of Miss Stone's fortune was in the hands of Clark, Vernon & Co.," I carelessly observed.

"I was not aware of it," Bentley said, losing another shade of color.

"Oh, well, it was. Can anything be saved out of the crash, do you suppose?"

"Not anything, I am very sure," he stammered. And thinking he might like to meditate upon the aspect of affairs, I took my departure, saying that I would call before I went away again to take any message he might like to send.

When I called the next day, he gave me a letter for Margaret; but he looked anywhere but at me as I took it.

I caught a glimpse of Margaret's blue dress on the piazza as we drove up to the hotel; and without waiting to go to my room first, I hastened to her, and gave her the letter.

Then, much as I would have liked to stay until she had read it, I had no excuse for doing so, and therefore left her. I waited with something more than curiosity for her appearance at dinner-time, but she did not come at all. I ate nothing myself, and spent the evening pacing the piazza with my cigar, and watching her window. Not so much as a shadow of what I watched for crossed my vision.

Remembering Bentley's face as he gave me the letter, I could imagine that he might have written something unpleasant; but even I was not prepared for the contents of the missive Margaret placed in my hands the following morning, coming suddenly upon me where I lounged on the shore.

"I suppose that was what you went to town for!" she said, with an angry scorn, under which I quailed, for I felt guilty; and, as I read, I winced again.

The scoundrel! A more disgraceful epistle I never perused. If Margaret had loved him ever so dearly, this would certainly have ended it. He dissolved the engagement without so much as saying "by your leave." He did, indeed, say something about hastening to speak while there was yet an uncertainty as to how seriously the failure had involved other people. But that was the merest gloss, and only gave Margaret the clue to the selfish reasons for this extraordinary conduct.

I folded the letter, and gave it back to her without remark.

"Well," she asked, "really you have nothing to say?"

"Shall I challenge him to mortal combat with horsewhips?" I inquired.

Tears of anger sparkled in Margaret's beautiful eyes.

"How could you humiliate me so?"

"I? Miss Stone!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gurney," she said, haughtily.

"And I beg yours, Miss Stone, for meddling. I suspected Mr. Bentley, but not of anything quite so cold-blooded. Shall you break your heart about such a selfish fellow?"

"Indeed, no! But I am very angry."

"At whom?—him or me?"

"At both of you."

I suppose I must have looked terribly abashed and confounded—I tried to, for she put a little hand on my arm, and then would have swiftly withdrawn it, but I captured the frail thing, and held it.

"I suppose I ought to be very thankful to you," she said, struggling a little, and blushing in the most lovely manner.

"If you will permit me, I will punish him for you," I said, gravely.

She looked up inquiringly.

"By marrying you!"

"Oh!"

"Don't you think it would?"

"Perhaps."

We were quite sure of it the first time we chanced to meet Bentley after our marriage. His face was as good as a picture.

GERMAN STUDENTS.

A German student is as devoted to his club as to the lecture-room. In Heidelberg University, this side of student life is quite prominent. There is one class of societies which combine study with recreation, the Philosophical Verein. I attended one of their meetings. Twenty students sat around a table, each with his mug of beer and copy of Plautus. The one whose turn it was read for three hours, interrupted now and then by sharp criticisms upon his translation. At ten o'clock, Latin gave way to beer and other refreshments; and, in a very short time, the quiet Verein became a noisy, brawling club. Another class of gatherings are the Knipen, whose only object seems to be to see how much beer can be drunk in a given time. The only qualification of membership is capacity. The initiation consists in drinking from twenty to thirty glasses of beer during the evening. The society whose members are said to drink the most beer, is the most aristocratic and popular. One might think that in an assembly of this character there would be the greatest disorder. Not so. A president is chosen for each evening, and every one is subject to his will. If he orders a member to drink at one draught a huge mug of beer, it must be done. In the midst of the loudest uproar, let the president but say *silentium*, and the place becomes as quiet as a lecture-room. The Germans, however, complain of Englishmen, who, they say, will never obey their superiors. The time is usually spent in singing, but a favorite pastime is "the beer duel."

During the evening, two persons have had a quarrel, in the progress of which one has called the other a *beerjunger*. This is an insult which cannot be forgiven, and the insulting party is immediately challenged. A judge is appointed, who fills two large tumblers with beer, and gives one to each contestant. The glasses are drained at the given signal to the bottom; and he who has breath enough to cry *Beerjunger!* is proclaimed victor, amid the shouts of the company. He has now the right to dictate to his rival anything he chooses, and the vanquished party must obey at peril of expulsion from the club. These societies are extremely popular, and nearly all the students participate in them.

The fighting men—about one-third of the students—are divided into five corps, distinguished by the color of their caps.—Duels are restrained to these corps; and the occasions for wounded honor to vindicate itself are so numerous, that it is necessary to devote two afternoons a week to this barbarous custom. The Government of the University is silent about these little affairs of honor, and so is considered as sanctioning them. The duels are fought in a beer-house just across the Neckar. The swords are short, and very sharp at the extreme point. The surgeon of each corps is present to stop any unnecessary flow of blood. The combatants, stripped to their waists, their arms bandaged at the elbows, that they may inflict no deadly wounds, strike right and left, up and down, with remarkable precision and swiftness. The aim of the duellist being to mark the face of his antagonist, the head is the principal point of attack; and, at the end of one of these fights, the floor of the room looks like that of a successful barber's shop. Vengeance is not appeased by the first blood that is drawn, but they often contend until one or the other is exhausted. It is nothing uncommon to see a noble, manly fellow, with his face so disfigured with ugly and ghastly wounds, as to render him a most repulsive sight.

EVERY one owes obedience to the laws, but a still higher obligation is due to morality; and if it so happens that both cannot be complied with, it is better to do an illegal act than an immoral one.

THE MOUSE-TOWER.

A Legend of the Rhine.

BY CHESTER LINCOLN.

Of the many fair sights which constantly greet the eye of the traveler on the Rhine, between Cologne and Mayence, none present a more picturesque and beautiful scene than the charming village of Bingen and its environs.

Above, like a silver thread, the river flows between vine-covered banks, in quiet security; but below, and near its confluence with the Nahe, it dashes foamingly against the rocky shore of a small island, on which stands the Mausethurm, or Mouse-Tower.

History, poetry, and tradition have united in surrounding this islet with romantic interest, and the origin of the name of the tower, built thereon many centuries ago, presents a legend of horror which absorbs attention.

In one of the years in the early part of the thirteenth century rain fell continuously for many days; the sun failed to send his genial warmth to rouse into life the dormant vegetation; the expectant crops were ruined; so that when harvest time came there was nothing to garner, and a great famine spread throughout the land.

Hatto, Archbishop of Mayence, a man of great learning, but ambitious, cunning, and unscrupulous, whose God was Mammon, and who, vain and haughty, loved not the poor of his flock, had stored up the rich tithes of grain from preceding harvests, and, amidst the almost universal misery, fared sumptuously every day.

His good living and plenty excited the starving people, and they collected in front of the Archiepiscopal palace, mourning and weeping, praying Hatto to open his barns and give them of his abundant stores. The pitiless prelate, with an ill-concealed sneer, desired that they should be conducted into an empty barn, and there await his charity.

With eager look and wan smiles, the shadowy throng soon filled the building; but, instead of the expected alms, the cruel bishop caused the doors to be made fast and set the whole on fire! And, as the heart-rending cries of the poor wretches filled the air, he said, with a mocking laugh:

"Listen to the squeaking of the mice that would consume my corn!"

But his horrible triumph was brief indeed, and swiftly vengeance followed. From the smoking ruins, ere the last death-sighs were scarce hushed, legions of rats and mice run forth, climb the walls, and penetrate into every chamber of the palace. Seized with terror, the guilty bishop fled, crossed the Rhine, and suspended his bed in the Tower; there, at least, he will be safe; and he smiles at his fancied security. But already the water is alive, and soon the stronghold itself is filled with his pursuers.

Frenzied with alarm, he falls on his knees, writhing in despair and calling on God for mercy.

Alas! for him the hour of retribution has come; his enemies surround him, spring upon his person, gnaw his robes; nothing now can save; and, as they seize his very flesh, with a piercing shriek he falls to the floor, and dies a lingering and horrible death.

The incidents here narrated have been woven into verse by the English poet Southey, and the subject is rendered with dramatic force. It is entitled

"THE TRADITION OF BISHOP HATTO."

The summer and autumn have been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all round
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced at such tidings, good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto, he made fast the door;
And, while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burned them all!

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he;
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily;
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again!

In the morning, as he enter'd the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all o'er him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm;
He had a countenance white with alarm:
"My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats have eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be:
"Fly! my lord bishop, fly!" quoth he;
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way;
The Lord forgive you for yesterday."

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he;
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise:
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd: it was only the cat;
But the bishop, he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep;
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear;

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And some through the ceiling and up through the floor;
From the right and the left, from behind and before;
From within and without, from above and below;
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

In all probability, however, the real name was "Mauth-Thurm," or Tower of Customs, and had been erected in the troublesome times of the Middle Ages, when "might made right," by some ancient "robbers of the Rhine," for the purpose of levying tolls.

It is now a watch-tower, from whence signals are made to steamers descending the river, which are here required to slacken speed, when vessels are proceeding in a contrary direction.

OUR sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses; it fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

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Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS

ALICE, (Annapolis, Md.) A good curling fluid is made by melting a bit of white beeswax, about the size of a filbert kernel, and one ounce of olive oil, and to this adding one or two drops of otto of roses.

HARRY F., (Elmira.) "Please give me a receipt for a good blue ink." Try the following: Chinese blue, three ounces; oxalic acid, three quarters of an ounce; gum arabic, powdered, one ounce; distilled water, six pints. Mix.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, (Providence.) The color of hair seems to depend on the presence of a peculiar oil, which is of a sepia tint for dark hair, blood-red in red hair, and yellowish in fair hair. This oil may be extracted by alcohol or ether, and the hair is then left of a grayish yellow tint.

ELSIE. "To dye moss and grass" of a pink color, get some logwood and ammonia, and boil them together in water; for red, logwood and alum; for blue, indigo blue; and all other colors that will dissolve. To keep the grass or moss together, dip it in a weak solution of gum water, or put some gum water in the dye, which will answer the same purpose.

ANNIE. When a lady and gentleman who are engaged (or even if they are not engaged) quarrel, it is the place of the one who provoked the dispute to speak first and bring about a reconciliation. But in any case, it is always a generous and chivalrous action for the gentleman to assume that he is the one who was to blame, and make the first advance.

A YOUTH. "Can you please tell me what is the meaning, if any, of kissing the forehead, the cheek, and the mouth? I have been told that there is a different meaning to each; but I have never met anybody who could tell me what the difference was." The significance of kisses is as follows: upon the forehead, respect; upon the cheek, friendship; upon the mouth, love.

LILY H. "When or at what age does a woman become an old maid? There seems to be such a difference of opinion about this that I should like to hear your opinion." We confess frankly that we cannot decide so delicate and difficult a question. So long as women are pretty, good-tempered, gentle, or agreeable, they should pass as young ladies; but at what precise age they become old maids is a matter which has never yet been satisfactorily settled, nor do we think it is ever likely to be, for we have never yet met the person who dared to decide it.

F. H. You were very wrong, but you only gave another exemplification of the truth of the old adage that "nobody makes such annoying blunders as the good natured ignorant man." It is not in accordance with etiquette for a gentleman, who accidentally meets a lady friend in a street car, to pay her fare for her. Such an act on his part, though performed, it may be, with the best and most gallant intentions, might prove very annoying and mortifying to the lady. So next time we hope you will know better, and not commit such a mistake again.

R. A. M. As you are over twenty-one years of age, of course you have a perfect right to marry, even in opposition to the wishes of your parents, should it so unfortunately happen that they are not willing to give their consent; and in your case taking all the circumstances into consideration, we think you would be justified in consulting the dictates of your own heart. But still you should be very careful in carrying out your purpose, how you hurt their feelings. Your parents should always be treated with respect; and although you feel that you cannot allow them to prevent your marrying, you should be so kind and so respectful to them that the pain which your acting in opposition to their wishes may occasion may be palliated and soothed by your considerate conduct.

H. A. Y., (Jacksonville.) If a gentleman and lady exchange portraits, it certainly may be regarded as a significant incident, and as meaning something; but if no positive engagement had been entered into, no proposal made, and no question of marriage even breathed, there could be no action brought for breach of promise on the mere exchange of likenesses. We may observe that it is in our opinion very foolish for two persons to exchange portraits when no serious meaning was attached to the act; and the young lady especially, in such a case, would be guilty of great indiscretion and imprudence. She ought only to give her portrait to a gentleman when engaged to him, and not indiscriminately to any one who asks her for hers in exchange for his, as is too often done, we are sorry to say, to our own knowledge.

ARMICUS, (Georgia.) "I have both seen and heard it stated that the three books, 'What Will He Do With It?' by Bulwer; 'Vanity Fair,' by Thackeray, and 'Our Mutual Friend,' by Dickens, were written in the short space of fifteen days. The statement was that a London Club offered a prize for the best novel, to be written in that length of time, and those three were handed in. Not knowing how else to have my doubts satisfied, I apply to you, and will be obliged to you for any information you can furnish, as will also one of my lady friends." We never heard of such a story, and judging from both the calibre of the works mentioned, as also that of their authors, we have no hesitation in giving our opinion that there is no truth whatever in the report. Nothing but the most overwhelming proof would ever make us believe such a very improbable tale.

HOOSIER GIRL, (Hillvania, Indiana.) Spiritualism originated, it is said, in this country about the year 1848, rapidly developing itself here, and extending to other parts of the world, particularly in England and France. It may be said to have had its precursor in Andrew Jackson Davis, known in America as "The Seer of Poughkeepsie," who was born in 1826. In the opinion of many, there is an intimate connection between Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism and Clairvoyance, but our want of space does not permit us to go any further into this subject. 2d. Your other questions are of too personal a nature altogether to be replied to in these columns. You must surely be aware that it would never do for us to give you the information which you seek, even supposing we were sufficiently in the confidence of the persons named by you to be able to give it, which as it happens we are not.

CALIFORNIA, (Healdsburg.) The South Sea Bubble was a scheme organized by the Earl of Oxford, in 1711, with a view of providing for the extinction of the floating national debt, which at that time amounted to £10,000,000. This debt was taken up by a number of merchants, to whom the government guaranteed interest at 6 per cent. for a certain period, which was to be obtained by rendering permanent a number of import duties. The monopoly of the trade to the South Seas was also secured to these merchants, who were accordingly incorporated as "The South Sea Company." The story of this gigantic gambling scheme, for so it turned out, and the disastrous consequences which it entailed on the whole nation, is unfortunately too long for us to give you here in detail, and it is impossible for us to abbreviate it without lessening the interest of the narrative. You will find an account of it in any Encyclopedia.

J. H. H., (Graveland.) The subject on which you have consulted us is a delicate one, and we fully comprehend the difficulties under which you are laboring. One of the most difficult and delicate points for the consideration of any lady is just that of her conduct towards the gentleman to whom she is engaged to be married, and it requires her to act with judgment and great discretion. Any excess of ardor, or excess of fondness, or undue familiarity, should be firmly, yet kindly, repressed, as nothing is more likely to produce a diminution of respect than such conduct on the part of the gentleman. What is hardly won and preserved only by respectful care, is always most highly valued; and an easy conquest is never much prized by the victor. Remember that those who respect themselves will always command the respect of others; and the safeguard and impregnable bulwark which no daring can overcome and no stratagem surprise is self-respect.

WIDOW. We do not think that it is at all incumbent on you to make over to the creditors the property which your husband, when he was clear of debt, settled upon you for the maintenance of yourself and children. Had he settled this property on you when he was in embarrassed circumstances, and when he knew that bankruptcy was inevitable, then, of course, the settlement would have been fraudulent, dishonest, and wicked. But, seeing that it was settled on you when he was in prosperous circumstances, his creditors now have no more claim upon that property than if he had sold or transferred it to a neighbor, instead of to his own wife. It is the duty of every man who is prosperous, out of debt, and making money, to settle upon his wife a certain amount of property, which shall not be affected by either his bankruptcy or his death. Such a provision made betimes may be accepted and retained by the most sensitive conscience, or the most scrupulously honest.

B. C. TRIANGLE, (Texas.) "In answer to a correspondent, not long since, you stated that persons advertising to sell counterfeit money are punishable by law. Now, these advertising dealers by some means learn the name of Mr. A., and propose, through the mail, to sell him counterfeit money. Mr. A., wishing to add to his worldly possessions, at once sends an order with the required amount of genuine money to pay for it. In return he receives a box of sawdust, or perhaps nothing at all. Now, is Mr. A. punishable for what he has done, seeing that he has never possessed, passed, nor attempted to pass the spurious notes? Please answer, and greatly oblige." Mr. A., of course, is not punishable by law for having merely intended to commit a crime, in the execution of which he failed, owing to the advertiser having been too much for him. We think that in the loss of his money he has been punished enough, and we hope has learned a lesson which should teach him wisdom for the future.

ANNA BATES. "Can you tell me the name of some book containing small acts and plays for the stage? There are three of my friends and myself who desire to get up evening entertainments for public performance, and we wish to get a book that contains pieces intended for three, four or five characters. If you can kindly refer me to some such book or books, giving me the name of the publishers and the price, you would oblige us exceedingly." The only book that we ever came across of the kind you want is an English publication, called "The Amateur's Hand-Book," which gives much valuable information on fitting up private theatricals, whether for home or drawing-room, or for a little more public performance, such as you contemplate. It also gives a list of pieces for representation, with from two to six characters. It is published by Thomas Hailes Lacy, 89 Strand, London; price one shilling; and we doubt not you could get it by sending the title and publisher's name to the Central News Company, 506 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and ask them to write for the work for you.

HATTIE S. We have read your letter with much interest, and at the same time with much regret, as we see that you are acting very thoughtlessly indeed, and only making your case worse by withholding your confidence from your mother. The flirtation you are carrying on, to the extent of exchanging notes and photographs, with the young man, who is almost a stranger to you, you think is fun, and we allow that on your part at least it is done innocently and without any wrong intention. But we must warn you that to hold yourself in such cheap estimation is certainly to invite insult, and that you are laying yourself open to very serious misconstruction of your motives. If you will take our advice, tell your mother everything. What you think is "fun," she will show you, if we are not mistaken, is "indiscretion." Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. She was once a girl herself, and she can understand and sympathize with you. Not having been always as wise as she is now, she can spare you many a pang of humiliation and regret, if you will profit by *her* advice.

T. H. C. ADAMS, (Newton.) Either is proper, for the lady to invite the gentleman to call again, or for the gentleman to ask permission to call. 2d. There would be nothing wrong, of course, for a lady to visit the house of the gentleman who is waiting on her, and with whose sister she is very intimate; but she should not pay these visits too often, as they might be liable to misconstruction. 3d. We agree with your elder friends, in thinking that the young ladies would be guilty of an impropriety in calling on the party of gentlemen who are camping in their neighborhood, unless they went along with some older or married ladies, or gentlemen, to act as chaperons. 4th. We have given our opinion already pretty plainly as to what we think about young ladies who flirt, and do not care about adding anything more just here. 5th. There is nothing wrong about the exchange of rings. 6th. What a question to ask! 7th. You had better not write to the young man; but just wait and see what he has been able to accomplish. We fear, from what you say, that his is a hopeless case, and you had better, we think, prepare your mind to give him up altogether, as you could never hope to be happy married to a man so utterly and irretrievably given up to the vice of intemperance.

DESPERATION. "St. Elmo's Fire" is the popular name of an appearance sometimes seen, especially in southern climates, during thunder-storms, of a star or brush of light at the tops of masts, spires, or other pointed objects. It is sometimes accompanied by a hissing noise, and is evidently of the same nature as the light caused by electricity streaming off from points connected with an electrical machine. This phenomenon, as seen at sea, was worn by the Greeks into the myth of Castor and Pollux; and even to this day such lights at the mast-head are considered by some sailors a sign that they have nothing to fear from the storm. 2d. The name of Devil fish has sometimes been given to the "Octopus," which is nothing more than the largest of the cuttle-fish species. The real devil-fish is a gigantic skate, one of which has been known to measure 20 feet in width, 20 feet in length, and to weigh one ton. 3d. The average weight of a large, full-grown elephant is about five tons, the body being very bulky in proportion to its height. The ordinary height at the shoulder is about eight feet, but sometimes exceeds ten feet. 4th. The "Odic Force," which you refer to, is a peculiar physical force, which a Baron Reichenbach thought he had discovered, and was so named by him to signify "all pervading." It is also sometimes spoken of as Od-force. All the phenomena of mesmerism are ascribed to the workings of this force. We confess that we have not much belief in the existence of such a force, and if you are curious to learn more about it, would refer you to Reichenbach's large work on the subject, entitled "The Dynamics of Magnetism."

☞ A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.

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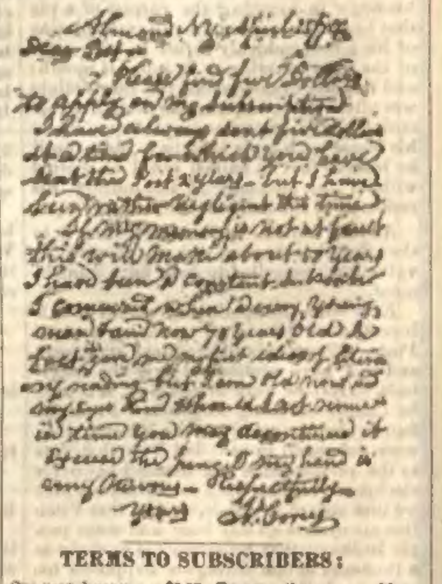

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